

# *THE American Girl*

JUNE 1946

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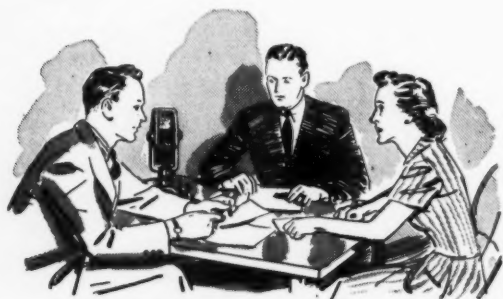
# CAREER in Television

*The Story of*

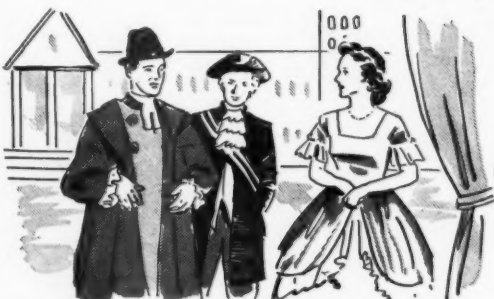
Helen Rhodes

● Television, according to Helen Rhodes, can be compared to no other form of entertainment; for it borrows from the stage, the screen, and the radio and adds a spontaneous quality which gives television programs a special charm.

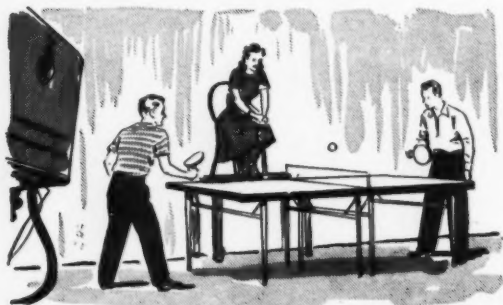
Helen, program producer at G.E.'s television studio WRGB, has been interested in dramatics since childhood, and she considers television a perfect job for her training and interests. She lives her work, and as she puts it: "I've come to think of everything in terms of television, for television is alive and fun; it gives me a chance to meet interesting people from everywhere and to learn a lot about them and the things they do."



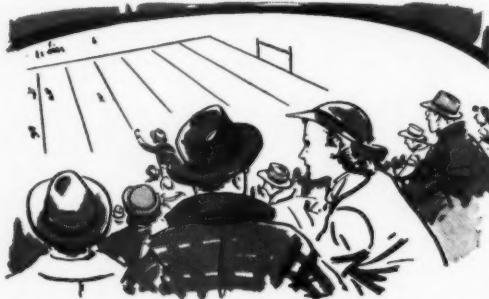
Completing high school in Cobleskill, N. Y., Helen entered the University of Michigan, where she majored in speech, dramatics, and radio. She spent much time acting in and producing radio and theater shows.



After college, Helen did graduate work and held a job at the same time—first with the Michigan Repertory Players, a summer stock show, and then as assistant to her college's director of dramatics.



She then came to WRGB and was given a job as program producer—the only girl then on the program staff. Helen puts on television shows, takes part in productions, and also trains others in this work.



Helen likes to cook and keep house, is interested in architecture and interior decoration—but she'd really rather swim or go to a good football game, the latter being her chief outside interest.

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# THE American Girl

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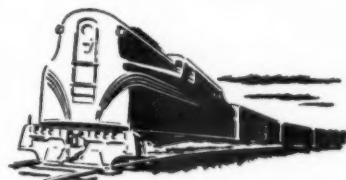
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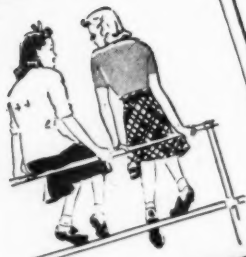
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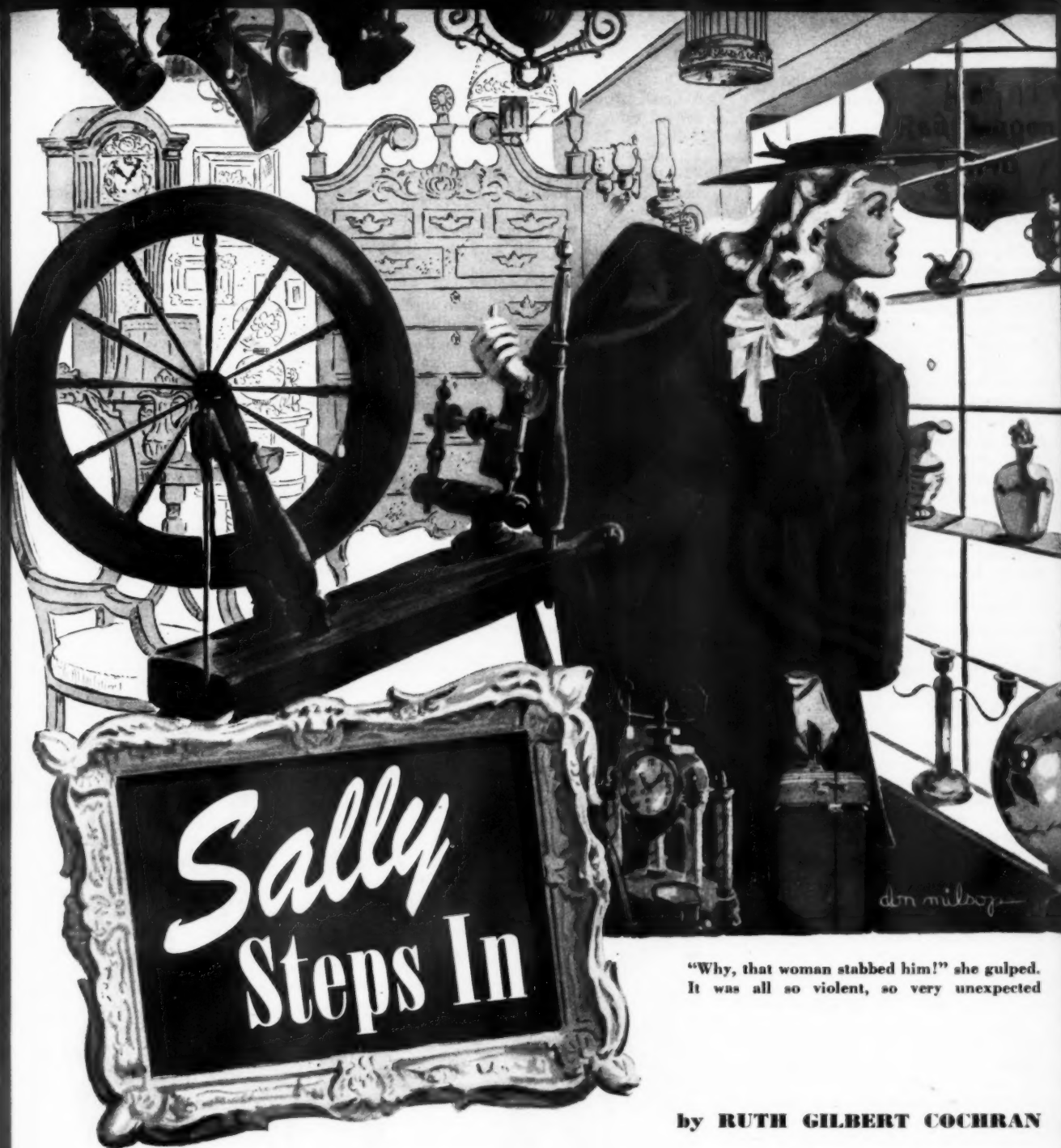
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"Why, that woman stabbed him!" she gulped. It was all so violent, so very unexpected

by RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

IT WAS nine o'clock of a bright Thursday morning in June when Sally Graham joined the line waiting for taxis under the massive portals of Washington's Union Station. By this time, she had decided, her Uncle Kenneth would have received the telegram announcing her unexpected arrival in the capital city.

Her train had pulled in just as the sunrise was tinting the Capitol dome a delicate pink; she had eaten a leisurely breakfast at a counter across the plaza, watching the crowded city stir into life, and laughing at the antics of a group of pickaninnies in an alley. Then she had strolled back, feeling the sun already hot and strong on her shoulders, and here she was.

She was an appealing figure, standing there, and many

of the incoming Government workers who jostled against her turned and looked back with a friendly smile. At first glance she appeared much younger than her sixteen years, for she was small and slight. She wore a plain blue coat and stiff-brimmed cartwheel hat perched jauntily on her head, and she had the fresh prettiness of an old-fashioned English picture card. Big blue eyes, softly curling rust-gold hair, a small nose dusted with freckles, a wide, sensitive mouth with a dimple at either corner—that was Sally. Orphaned by the war, she had been living in New York with her aunt, Miss Kate Van Tuyl, and all the worldly possessions she owned were in the suitcase at her feet.

"Where to, miss?" a taxi driver asked her, and Sally,



looking at a slip of paper, named an address on Wisconsin Avenue.

"Oh, Georgetown," the driver said, and it seemed no time at all until they were winding along Georgetown's narrow streets. A turn into a wider avenue, and then, "Here we are, miss," he said.

"Jeeps!" Sally breathed. "This spooky place?"

Through the rusty spirals of a huge iron gate, Sally saw a wide lawn, heavily set with trees, and beyond these a grim Victorian mansion, rising tall in a mass of narrow turrets. Its windows were closely shuttered—it looked deserted.

"Say!" her guide exclaimed. "That's the Latour house, where the queer old dame died not long ago!"

"But I'm not going there," Sally smiled. She had, to her great relief, glimpsed a squat, remodeled barn at the end of the driveway. A sign swung before it. *Ye Red Dragon Curio Shop*, Sally read. Kenneth Van Tuyt, Prop. She set her chin resolutely, picked up her suitcase, and marched toward the quaint building whose many-paned show window disclosed a neat array of timeworn trinkets.

"Uncle Kenneth, we are here," she murmured as the shop door swung quickly open. And then she gasped, for the person hurrying out was a tall, gaunt woman in discreet black.

"Oh!" Sally faltered, noting with vague distaste the other's shifting eyes and thin, hard mouth. "Do you work here?"

"Non, non!" the woman snapped harshly. "*Pas du tout!*" Her sallow face went suddenly gray, she thrust Sally aside roughly, and rushed back through the grounds toward the alley.

"Well, what . . . ?" But at that moment a short, swarthy man darted out from behind a bush. "There's the woman I told you about!" he shouted, as he dashed after the woman. "Head her off!" Policemen dashed in through the alley gate, the woman turned furiously on her pursuer, a knife blade flashed in the sun, and the short man fell to the ground.

"Why, that woman stabbed him!" Sally gasped. It was all so violent, so totally unexpected, that she wondered for one dazed instant if she were dreaming. But no—the injured man was being carried to the alley, the Frenchwoman was being herded grimly after him, a police siren blared, and the lawn was silent and empty once more.

"Great jumping fishhooks!" Sally exclaimed. "I'd better go into the shop before something else happens."

The door yielded readily to Sally's touch, a little bell set up a lively tinkling, and a woman's voice somewhere overhead called out, "Mistah Kenneth's out right now. Will you set and wait?"

Peering upward, Sally saw a stout colored woman smiling down at her from a balcony. "Oh, hello!" Sally cried. "You must be Aquilla. I'm Sally. Aunt Kate told me you'd be here, but I thought when I saw that Frenchwoman—Hey! Didn't you see her stab that man?"

"Somebody get stabbed? Where? When?" Aquilla was down the stairs in record time, her eyes goggling. When Sally had finished a rather breathless explanation, Aquilla could only moan, "To think I was doing out Mistah Kenneth's room and missed it! I always said that ornery Celeste would come to no good end. She was in here just ahead of you—I told her to wait, and then went back to my work."

"Celeste?" Sally echoed.

"Madame Latour's maid, from the big house. My soul, think of her pulling off a stabbing party right in our back yard! I'm going out to see what it's all about! Make yourself comfortable—your uncle'll be here soon."

"Thanks." Sally gazed about her at the strange jumble of furniture, draperies, and knickknacks, then settled in an armchair. Not exactly a cordial reception, she thought. If she had glanced at the papers on a desk at her elbow, she would have seen a yellow envelope—her Aunt Kate's telegram, still unopened.

Kenneth Van Tuyt, coming in a few

minutes later, was quite amazed to see a strange young girl smiling at him from his pet armchair.

She spoke first. "I'm Sally," she said.

"Sally?" her uncle repeated.

"Sally Graham. Your niece!"

"Not—not Alice's little Sally? Good heavens," Mr. Van Tuyt breathed, "it isn't possible! But where's Kate? Isn't she with you?"

"Aunt Kate," Sally explained patiently, "had to leave New York practically on a minute's notice. Her firm is opening a branch in Chicago. So she sent me to stay with you for a few weeks. Her night letter told you—"

"Ah, yes, there was a telegram," Kenneth said. "But I had to hurry out to see a client, and forgot to open it. Let me see—yes, here it is." He opened the envelope and read the message.

Sally, chin in hand, studied him. Handsome gray eyes, nice dark hair. His suit, though, would stand brushing, and that tie was simply dreary. "Uncle Kenneth," she asked softly, "you don't mind my being here, do you?"

Illustrated by DON MILSOP



He held out a small, wickedly sharp Florentine dagger

"Of course not," he replied a bit fretfully. "Only, on such short notice, it's somewhat upsetting. But don't mind my fussy bachelor ways, Sally."

"We'll get along," Sally grinned. "Where's my room—upstairs? O.K. I'll go clean up a bit, and then I'll come back in a working smock. I'm going to help you in the shop—did you know it?"

"Indeed?" her uncle murmured, hardly knowing whether to be angry or amused. It was just like his bossy older sister Kate to throw this pretty little bombshell into his quiet existence without so much as by your leave. And yet, considering that Kate had cared for the plucky child ever since the tragedy of her parents' death, it was only fair that he should take over for a time. Kenneth had adored his

of it on the train. Uncle Ken, you *will* let me help you in the shop, won't you? It's the only way I'll feel comfortable, plunked down on you this way. Please?"

"We-el," her uncle pondered, "if you really want to so much, we'll try it."

"Thanks," Sally said earnestly. "But before you begin showing me around, I really think I ought to tell you about the woman who was in your shop this morning. She came running out of the door, and the next thing I knew she stabbed a man!"

"She—*what?*" Mr. Van Tuyl sank into a chair. "My dear child, are you sure you feel all right?"

"You just ask Aquilla," Sally said. "She told me the woman was in here, and that her name is Celeste, Madame Latour's

an's glance. "Sorry to barge in, Ken," she said. "But Sergeant Long has a few questions to ask you, if it's convenient."

"Of course, of course," Sally's uncle answered. And in the rapid fire of introductions which ensued, Sally learned that the two callers accompanying the sergeant were Miss Mary Plant, the lawyer, and Larry Brown, Madame Latour's grandson.

"First," the sergeant said, "there's the matter of this knife. Ever see it before?" He held out a small, intricately chased and wickedly sharp Florentine dagger.

"Why, yes," Mr. Van Tuyl replied, bewildered. "It's one I've used for years as a paperweight on my desk."

"See? I was right, sergeant," Miss Plant snapped. "Celeste did snatch it up when she ran out of here. Ken, why was that woman in here, anyway?"

"I can't imagine," Kenneth answered, "unless she wanted to ask me to keep something for her in my safe, as she did occasionally. Said she couldn't trust the other servants."

"That's a good one," the sergeant barked.

"In my opinion, the three of 'em were a gang of thieves. No proof yet; but I'll bet the butler got away with a good parcel of loot. He lit out, you know, the day after the old lady died."

"Simmons?" Kenneth asked. "That's right; I haven't seen him around. But I don't pay much attention to the house, and I've been out a good deal lately, supervising a big remodeling job in Mount Pleasant. I was there this morning, in fact, when Celeste was here."

"Suppose you take a look around," Sergeant Long suggested. "See if anything else is missing."

WHILE her uncle was complying with this request, Sally was pleasantly surprised to find herself and Larry Brown included in an invitation to spend the week end at Miss Plant's country home near Chevy Chase.

"The matter of the will is tied up till Monday, in any case," Miss Plant said, now entirely friendly. "Red tape—verifying young Mr. Brown's birth certificate, and so on. And as I'd already asked Ken, I think it would be nice if you two youngsters would come along."

"Well, that suits me just fine," Larry Brown beamed. "How about you, Miss Graham?"

"I'd like to. Thanks a lot," Sally replied, and Miss Plant nodded brusquely. "Good," she said. "Well, Ken, anything to report?"

"No, nothing else is missing," Mr. Van Tuyl said slowly. "This little set of china figures on the showcase has been disarranged—see, this one representing Africa is out of line—probably pure accident."

None of his hearers knew that the seemingly careless readjustment of four Chelsea statuettes was to have the most fantastic consequences.

(To be continued)

## No sooner does Sally open the door of Ye Red Dragon Curio Shop than things begin to happen! And they keep right on happening—fast and furiously—in this new mystery serial

younger sister Alice and had greatly admired her husband, Paul Graham, the brilliant war correspondent. When the little family of three had set off for Europe in 1939, Kenneth had had a premonition that he was saying good-by to Alice for the last time, a premonition verified four years later, when a bomb destroyed the London hotel in which Paul and Alice were staying. Sally, fortunately, had been in a rural English school.

SALLY, exploring the delightful little apartment over the shop, was finding a perfect mine of information in Aquilla. Her uncle's dusky handmaiden did not share Sally's enthusiasm for the apartment, but said frankly that she preferred a more conventional establishment. "Take a no-count barn and spend enough money fixin' it up to buy a brand-new place, with Lectroluxes and everything! Nevah thought I'd sleep where horses used to be. No, suh!" Aquilla snorted. "When I hear one of Mistah Kenneth's customers say, 'Oh, so this used to be a barn!', I jest say, 'Used to be? Still is!'"

Aquilla's chatter was fascinating. Sally learned that her uncle made the greater part of his income as an interior decorator, and that the antique shop had hardly paid its way during wartime restrictions. Customers, as Sally had already noticed, were few and far between. But she hoped, by becoming the perfect assistant, to remedy that situation somewhat. So running downstairs again she called out, "Well, here I am, Uncle Ken. Do you like my smock?"

Kenneth blinked. "It's gay," he admitted. "But isn't it a little bright?"

"It's the quietest of the lot," Sally laughed. "I bought three yesterday, and a book on interior decorating—I read most

French maid. Here's what happened—"

Her uncle's lean and scholarly face was a study in dismay as Sally concluded her story. "But, good gracious, this is all very distressing!" he declared. "Celeste, such a quiet, reserved person, to do such a thing! From your description of the man, I think he must have been Anatole, Madame Latour's former cook. The three servants were asked to stay on in the house until the old lady's grandson could be located. It's a long story. Briefly, Madame Latour, who was very eccentric and extremely selfish, disowned her only daughter when she married Dr. Brown, but willed all her possessions to that daughter's son. The boy—he's about eighteen, and a student in Wisconsin University—is due here today, I believe."

"How thrilling!" Sally said. "Is he nice?"

"Nice?" Mr. Van Tuyl repeated. "I have no idea. But as he'll be my future landlord, I hope to meet him. You won't believe it, but not once in the ten years I've rented this place have I ever been inside that house over there. My dealings were all with Miss Plant, the lawyer who is now in charge of the estate."

"That's funny," Sally mused. "Was the old lady an invalid?"

"Only recently. But she was always a recluse. But we really shouldn't be talking this way—I think I should call the police!"

As he spoke, the little bell over the door jangled sharply, and Sally faltered, "I don't think you'll have to, Uncle Kenneth. Here's one of them now!"

The dapper young police sergeant entering the shop was followed by a brisk, tweed-suited woman of florid complexion and determined air, and a tall young man whose twinkling hazel eyes rested on Sally with admiration.

The look was not echoed in the wom-





# The Mysterious Stranger

by FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

Illustrated by MEG WOHLBERG

DEAR JANIE:

There is a new boy in town and we are all in a twit to meet him. We call him the Mysterious Stranger (M. S. for short) because we don't know who he is or where he came from. All we know is, he's visiting at Miss Matilda Sullivan's house. You remember the house we always called "Matilda's Mausoleum"? It is exactly the same as when you left—just like a tomb. The big magnolia trees are still in the yard, also the two iron deer. The shades at the front windows are still down. The front door is never opened. How the boy stands to visit there, I don't know. It gives me the creeps just to pass by the place. But Lucy Ellen loves it. She says it is the most romantick house in town. She really goes for the old and haunted-looking ones.

I showed her the Mysterious Stranger yesterday. As we were waiting at the drugstore for Harry we saw him inside, so Lucy Ellen and I went in, as if by accident, and ordered cokes. We got an awfully good look at him. You can't think how handsome he is, Janie. He is tall, at least six feet, and he has a dark sun tan. His hair is blond and slitley curly. His eyes are gray, and his eyebrows are black and straight. He looks rather sad except when he smiles. His mouth is big, and he has gorgeous white teeth. He smiled at Jenny Robertson when she handed him his change. Don't you think Jenny is flirtatious with strange men?

I whispered to Lucy Ellen that I thought he must be a foreigner—maybe a prince in disguise. She laughed in a sarcastick manner, and when Harry came in to get us she told him

**He was tall, tan, and terrific and Pat Downing was all in a twit to meet him**

what I said. Which made me furious. Harry looked at the M. S. and said, "Surely a prince of the house of Hapsburg. Or possibly the house of Hamburger." Harry is a big tease.

He and Lucy Ellen brought me home in their car. I did not speak to them on the way out, but at the door I thanked them with distunt politeness. Regardless of what they say, I think the M. S. has a princely look. If I get a date with him I shall die of joy. But it is unlikely I will, as all the girls feel the same.

Write soon.

Your ever loving friend,  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

We now have a clew to who he is. The Mysterious Stranger, I mean. It is just like a novel. Mother says Miss Matilda Sullivan once had a love affair. She says that when she was a child,



A car stopped beside me and someone whistled in a wolfish manner. I looked around indignantly

she can remember Miss Matilda singing in the choir, and she was beautiful. She got engaged to a tall, handsome man who came to town. He was a lawyer. A week before the wedding, he ran off with Miss Matilda's younger sister, Jenny, and married her. Then Miss Matilda's heart broke, and she stopped going out and has lived ever since in retirement with the window shades down. Her sister never came back. She and her husband went to Cuba to live. Mother heard they had a son and that when he was a little boy they were both drowned. She says the Mysterious Stranger might be their son.

One reason we think so is because he speaks Spanish. He called someone up on long distance in the hotel lobby, and Dolly Simpson's brother heard him talking to the person in Spanish. Dolly's brother knows Spanish when he hears it, too, because in the war he stayed in Cuba a while. So that is a good clew, don't you think so?

I wonder if the person he called long distance was a girl? I guess so. A pretty señorita, I suppose. If so, what hope for a plain American like me? But I am not repulsive looking now. I am not fat any more, thank goodness, and I am a lot taller than when you saw me last. Someone mistook me for Lucy Ellen recently, but it was at a distance. I know I will never be beautiful like her. And I certainly can't hold a candle to a Spanish señorita.

We saw the M. S. again yesterday, Dotty and I. He was in the post office, buying air-mail stamps. I was standing close behind him when he stamped a letter, so I couldn't resist looking at the address. It said señor something, Havana, Cuba. (I was surprised it wasn't señorita.) So that is another clew, see?

But if he is Miss Matilda's sister's son, isn't it odd she would have him come to see her, after her sister treated her in such a dastardly manner? Of course, as Mother said, she is an old woman now and no doubt very lonely, and she has few living relatives left. Mother said she had an older brother, but she thinks he is dead. She doesn't know if he ever married. She said they are a very queer family.

But the M. S. doesn't look queer. We don't know his name yet, but we are all trying to find it out. If he was visiting a normal person we could all meet him. Any other aunt would have a party or something, but not Miss Matilda.

Elsie had an idea today. She is going to get her brother to have a stag party—you know, a party for boys only—and invite the M. S. to it. She says in that way the crowd can get acquainted with him. On the way home Dotty said to me, "Elsie's plan sounds fine, but there is a catch to it. Naturally she will be the girl to get the first date with him. And none of the rest of us will ever get one if she can help it. She is the femme fatal. Or at least she wants to be."

Mother says it is very bad to speak harshly of another, but if she had to cope with Elsie she might feel differently. I guess Dotty is right. I wish Tommy was a little older. Then he could give a stag party. A younger brother is of no use to a girl.

I want to ask Lucy Ellen to help me find a way to meet the M. S., because she always could get the dates she wanted, but if I did, I know she and Harry would tease me about it. If only you were here, we could find the solution! I hate to think that he may leave before I meet him. (Continued on page 31)

1



2



3



4



**1** "Let's get into politics!" said Cushing Niles, nineteen-year-old Forum speaker who works hard for her dream world. She has a job in a senator's office, was a typist at San Francisco Conference

**2** Harris L. Wofford, Jr., founder of the Student Federalists, conducted the interesting discussion period which closed the morning session of the New York Herald Tribune's first high-school Forum

**3** The world Nancy Philips dreams of is a world unhampered by racial prejudices. Girl winner of the Tribune's public-speaking contest, seventeen-year-old Nancy also dreams of a career in opera

**4** President of United Nations Youth, Stephen M. Schwebel, seventeen, spoke at Forum's morning session. He feels our immediate task is to work toward world government with tools we already have

**5** One of the Forum's important adult speakers, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt urged the assembled young people to dream their dreams, to meet their responsibilities with vision, courage, imagination



# The World You Want



**H**E WAS just sixteen, but he spoke with poise and earnestness. When he walked up to take his place at the lectern you could see a frown of seriousness on his forehead. He carried a copy of his speech with him, but he didn't need it. He knew exactly what he wanted to say to the two thousand high-school students who were watching him with such eagerness.

"Youth, with the rest of man, stands at the crossroads," he began. "It must help to answer the most crucial question time has ever asked: Here is atomic energy, the greatest physical power of all. You can use it for good or evil. Which do you choose?"

The teen-agers listened carefully. They knew who he was: Richard Glasgow, president of the Youth Council at the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, high school, where the atomic bomb was first, and still is being, made. Perhaps few in the audience suspected that this earnest speaker was a boy who likes jitterbugging, Dick Haymes' songs, school dra-

matics, and Bob Hope's jokes. But they all knew that Richard and the two hundred students he represented feel seriously about the threat the atom holds for their future—and the future of all young people. They knew the Oak Ridge students had formed the Youth Council because they wanted to contribute what they could in the fight to see that atomic energy is used for peace—not war.

That's why Richard was making a speech. And that's why the "Herald Tribune," a major New York newspaper, had asked him to speak at its first Youth Forum, a historic meeting of thousands of high-school students interested in the discussion topic, "The World We Want."

Richard wasn't the only teen-ager who had a chance to speak his mind that Saturday, April 13, in the huge ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. While important adult speakers—like Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, David Lilienthal, Vice-admiral William H. P. Blandy, General Carl Spaatz, Dr. Eelco N. Van Kleffens, and Bill Mauldin—sat on the platform and listened,

many a young person had his or her say about "The World I Want."

But Richard's speech was special in more ways than one. His topic—atomic energy—is one that has confounded and confused many an adult. It is the greatest force in the world today. And whether it will work for good or evil hangs like a heavy sword over the heads of persons in every country in the world.

Richard didn't tell the young people in his audience what to think, but he did tell them what ideas he and his fellow students at Oak Ridge, where they live on a mixed diet of terror and hope, have of the world they want.

"We believe it must have a world-wide government by the people, which will make aggressive nations or individuals answer to world law," he said slowly. "We believe it must have positive control of atomic power. And because we are convinced that no government which is based on fear alone can endure, we believe above all that this world must

(Continued on page 46)



Being a maid of honor, Gail felt, was grown-up business. But the best man knew better

by  
**BARBARA JEANNE SOLKY**

**G**AIL opened one large brown eye and saw a gray, dreary day peeking through her window.

"Oh, murder!" she thought. "If it rains today, I'll just die!"

She rolled over on the other side, where she couldn't see the weather, and decided to stay put and just daydream.

"This is going to be the most heavenly wedding there ever was!" she murmured blissfully. "I know I'll look like a perfect dream. Of course, Marge ought to look very nice, too—blondes usually do."

She sat up to look in the mirror, thinking how well her lime-green dress would go with her long auburn hair. It was the first long dress she had owned in all her sixteen years and she adored it.

"Being a maid of honor is a simply devastating experience!" she told herself.

Satisfied with this thought, she settled herself more comfortably in the bed, and thought of her sister marrying Denny—Denny who had lived next door to them nearly all their lives.

"I can't see much romance in marrying him! But he does look different now—it's probably the uniform," she concluded. "He actually looks handsome in it, and he really was an angel at the engagement party. His dancing is wonderful, and he couldn't take his eyes off Marge. Must be nice to have someone love you so much that he doesn't care how much he shows it! I guess there really is a lot of romance to it, even if it is only Denny!"

"I wonder if I ought to keep you guessing for a while," he grinned



Then she thought of the best man. "Too bad he couldn't have come sooner—the Army really is quite inconsiderate at times. Here I am simply perishing to meet him! Suppose he's a droop, and I have to walk down the aisle with him, in front of everybody!" Gail's forehead wrinkled at this horrible thought, but she decided to dismiss it and worry about it when the time came.

"After all, he's Denny's friend. He ought to be at least as good looking as Denny!" That was mere logic! "He might even be very sophisticated — after all, he's an Army man. I'm glad he'll be meeting me in that dream of a gown."

As the picture of her lovely bridesmaid's dress flashed into her mind, she thought of an episode that usually popped into her head whenever she was getting "dressed to kill." Somehow it always came back to her, and brought a smile with it! She wondered if childhood memories had that effect on everyone.

It had happened years and years ago, when she was a mere infant. She was digging in the mud with Buddy, who was her first love. Their romance had started some time before kindergarten, and as far as she was concerned, the moon and stars rose with him. Covered with mud, six-year-old Gail was graciously being permitted to help dig trenches, and undoubtedly didn't look very attractive, when Cynthia, a new addition to the neighborhood, came by. Gail wasn't too fond of her; she was the type who was always going to the store for her mother without grumbling, and never got dirty! More

Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE



than once Cynthia had been held up by Gail's mother as a shining example.

Cynthia stopped to give Buddy one of her "ladylike" greetings, which did not include Gail, and went on her way.

Buddy gazed dreamily after her. "She's pretty, isn't she?" he said at last, and then demanded, "Why don't *you* ever look like that?"

Gail was so stunned that for a moment she couldn't speak. It wouldn't occur to a mere boy that dear Cynthia had never been known to play cops and robbers; or get tied to a stake to die a horrible death; or dig in mud that would dirty her little pink dress!

She stood up with as much dignity as she could summon, and announced in a deathly calm voice, "Buddy, I'll hate you till the day I die!" And with that she left him, quite bewildered, and wondering what he had said to make her mad.

Between sobs, on the way home, Gail vowed all kinds of vengeance—including some day being beautiful and all dressed up, and carelessly ignoring Buddy, who would be begging her to talk to him. She'd show him!

"I guess men can be heartless, even at eight and a half," Gail mused now. She wondered what had happened to Buddy. His family had moved away soon after that and she hadn't seen him again. "He's probably in the Army now. Wonder what he looks like."

She glanced at the clock and decided she'd have to be getting up soon. Marge and Mommy would be in a flurry of excitement, and she'd most certainly have to help them. As she climbed out of bed, she

thought, "Even if I do have the most helpless family in the world, they're sweet!"

The next two hours were indeed a flurry of excitement, what with Denny trying to see Marge, when everyone knew it was bad luck; then Mommy weeping over losing her "baby" and Dad trying to comfort her. Marge was nervously running about, looking for things that were under her nose all the time, and making no sense at all. Why people got this upset about a wedding for which they'd been ready over a month was just plain goofy.

But at last everything was found, everyone was dressed. If only the cars would hurry up and get here! Denny's best man had arrived, and Gail had caught a glimpse of him from the window as he hurried into Denny's house next

(Continued on page 40)

# Sophisticated Miss

# Little Bo-Peep Pays Off

by VIVIAN HORN



This doll's name is Lassie and she's as sweet as she's fair. Her skirt is of blue net with peach trimming. And on her head sits a soft white feather



And here's the Goose Girl—straight out of the pages of her story. She wears a woolly blue skirt, black bodice, crisp white apron and Dutch cap

Wes Photos

SOME TIME before Christmas, during one of the war years, a ship's store in Hawaii sent an urgent call to San Francisco for more stock. The sailors wanted more dolls—specifically, Storybook Dolls. The Navy gave a consignment a high shipping priority, and the dolls reached Hawaii in time for the servicemen to buy them as presents for their families.

While incidents like this surprise Nancy Ann Abbott, who makes Storybook Dolls, she is so busy trying to meet the demand for her creations that nothing surprises her for long. Every working day her factory in San Francisco turns out 5,000 dolls. It is expected that before long production will reach 10,000 dolls a day.

But even that will be far from enough to supply the demand.

It isn't just that Storybook Dolls are attractive and different. When a little girl gets one of the dolls, it's only the beginning. Collector's fever has claimed another victim. For if you have Little Bo-Peep, naturally you are going to dream about how nice it would be if you could also have Cinderella and Little Red Ridinghood and Goldilocks and Little Miss Muffet—not to mention a lot of others. Perhaps that, more than anything else, sets these dolls apart from others, and accounts for their spectacular rise to popularity.

Every trip of the mailman brings letters from stores all over the country, asking

for the dolls, although Miss Abbott hasn't accepted a new account since 1942. She remembers the thrill of getting her first \$75 order. Now she has \$100,000 orders, and her company does more than \$1,000,000 worth of business a year.

All this furor is caused by dolls which are only five inches tall. Except for their movable arms, they are all in one piece. All have wide-open blue eyes and rosebud mouths, but their well-groomed hair may be red, blond, or brunette. All of them are dressed to the teeth—figuratively speaking of course.

On their hair they may wear a ribbon, or they may flaunt a demure scoop bonnet, or a coy little pancake number. All the details of their full, graceful



"Silks and satins, ribbons and lace; I'd buy them all for a pretty face!" That jingle was the inspiration for this doll

skirts, their tiny bodices, their minute aprons, are perfect; the colors are luscious, and the materials of excellent quality.

The prices of dolls range from 85¢ to \$2.50, depending on the elaborateness of their costumes. Quaint Little Bo-Peep has proved the all-time favorite, with Cinderella close on her heels.

Before Miss Abbott suspected that she was going to become the country's leading doll "tycoon," she studied art and dreamed of doing significant things in portraiture. But that phase passed, and was followed by a stretch in Hollywood. With characteristic versatility, she switched from art to riding horses in westerns. When she was not galloping furiously uphill and down, she did some dancing. Sometimes she would design and make her own costumes, and from this she strayed from the acting side to the wardrobe department. "Being in the movies isn't as glamorous as people think," she says. "It's hard work, and involves hours of tedious waiting around."

JUST for fun, Miss Abbott occasionally dressed dolls and gave them to friends for presents. She can't remember when she hasn't been interested in dolls. Among the first she dressed in Hollywood was one for Dolores Costello. It showed the star in the costume she wore in "The Sea Beast." Every time Miss Abbott presented one of these dolls it created a stir, and her friends urged her to make them a business. But she thought nothing of it until she left Hollywood to live with her ailing mother. One day she dressed a doll as a gift for a friend who worked for the

(Continued on page 36)

Five inches tall, with wide blue eyes and rosebud mouths, these Storybook Dolls are bringing fame and fortune to the "know how" girl who dreams them up



From left to right: Polly Put-The-Kettle-On; Daffy Down Dilly; and Nellie Bird





# Sun Tan Specials

by JOAN TARBERT

**Let summer suns tan your skin  
and summer breezes cool you!  
Here are gay, new play clothes  
specially made for teen-agers**

**T**EEN-AGE play clothes have gone all out for sun and air this season. You'll bare your shoulders, your midriff, your brown arms and legs. But new fashions are comfortably modest. Shorts are cut in a variety of ways—some like rompers, some classically tailored. The rompers fit tightly around the top part of your leg and stay in place when you bend. Shorts are cut long enough to cover you, full enough to flare becomingly.

Sun dresses are cut for cool flattery. Some have little bodices with a quaint air. The eyelet-edged fichu, romantic as a new moon, is an adaptation of the ultra high-style stole. Skirts are full and flirty, with the wide dust ruffle fashion's particular pet.

All the clothes are kind to teen-age figures. You can hide a multitude of figure faults under a soft, full skirt, and its wide sweep and swing under a tight waistband will make your waist look smaller. However, if you're a bit bulgy fore and aft you should wear a light pantie girdle under your shorts. Not something that's made of stern, strong material with a lot of bones, but one of the stretchy, cool panties specially designed for girls. You'll forget you're wearing a girdle—except when you look in the mirror and see what a slick chick you are.

*Photographs by Larry Gordon*



Bright plaid cotton sun dress with broad shoulder straps, by Kate Greenaway. About \$5 at Famous Barr, St. Louis; Wanamaker's, New York; Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles



Dainty pink cotton with an eyelet-edged fichu. Junorette, about \$11. Write to Rainbow, 520 Eighth Avenue, New York City, for the name of the store nearest you which sells it



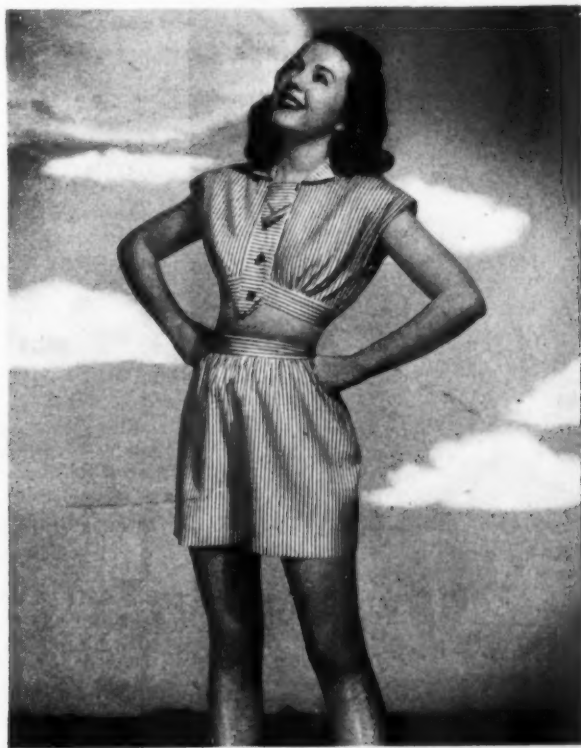
Pretty chintz one-piece dress with a two-piece look and a gay dust ruffle. Gail Berk. About \$11 at Franklin Simon, New York; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles



Smoothly cut shorts to wear with plain shirts and sweaters for sports or sunning. Chubbette. Under \$3 at R. H. Macy, in New York; Marshall Field, in Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles



Bloomer play suit and matching skirt of Pacific Mills Cotton, by Derby Sportswear. About \$10 at Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York; Stix, Baer and Fuller, St. Louis; Gimbel's, Pittsburgh



A crisp and cool striped bodice-and-shorts set. Youngthings by Ellen Hewitt. Under \$9 at G. Fox, Hartford, Connecticut; H. Lieb's, San Francisco; and Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago



# Beach Wear-ables

Two-piece suit—for swimmer or sunner—has an elasticized neckline. As for the beach bag, make it of bright sailcloth



When the sun is blistering or the sea breeze blows cool, you'll be thankful for a shortie beach cape. Make one from a yard of terry cloth



A pair of inner soles,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of denim, cotton lining material are all you need for these espadrilles



This three-piece gingham ensemble is a real eye-catcher. Cholo coat requires 3 yards of gingham; sandal soles are cut from cork table mats

by  
**BETTY  
BROOKS**



**L**OOK at the wonderful beach togs pictured here. Attractive, aren't they? And what a costly look they have! But don't let this fool you, for the truth is that all these items will fit comfortably even into quite a microscopic budget.

No, it's not done with mirrors, nor is it a matter of higher math. The secret is that the girl who uses her noodle as well as her needle can make them herself.

To begin with, of course, you must choose good material for your beach paraphernalia—material that can take a beating from the elements. But it needn't add

up to any great yardage, and you'll find that any small investments will pay you solid returns in fun and comfort at the beach all summer. For some of the smaller items, mother's scrap bag may even produce enough bright cloth.

As for directions for making these articles, we've printed them up in full detail, and we'll send you any or all without charge. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17—and be sure to specify clearly just which of the pictured items you want to make.



# Party Line

by  
**HAZEL RAWSON CADES**

**T**HERE ARE SOME parties that you just take in your stride. The telephone rings. "Hi, Nancy, we're going to the beach for a picnic. Can we pick you up in half an hour?"

You wash your face and hands, slick up your hair, grab your bathing suit—and you're off.

But there are other parties that take more doing. You stick the invitation up in your mirror, and every time you go past it you get a slight charge of excitement. There's a buzz of conversation at school. "Are you going to Diana's party?" "They say it's going to be really super." "What are you going to wear?" Obviously, this is not one of those "slick-up-the-hair-and-go" affairs.

Looking your best is not the only thing that will make a party a success for you—though it helps. And by looking your best I do not mean necessarily that you have to buy a new dress, work up a new hairdo, and get so terribly dressed up that you can't enjoy yourself. Looking your best and having fun is what you want to aim for. To do this you should start your planning early, get all the work and worry over with beforehand. Then you can go to the party, forget about how you look, and really have a good time.

Getting ready for a party is something like getting ready to have your photograph taken. You can't "Smile, please" for the photographer if you're wondering about how your hair looks. You can't keep your mind on your dancing or your partner if you're thinking, "Maybe I ought to do something about my lipstick." Photographers say they get the best pictures if their sitters wear clothes in which they feel comfortable, and if they do their hair

in a style they have tried out before.

This does not mean that you should turn down a new party dress if you're offered one. Or that you shouldn't do something different with your hair. It's just a tip not to put on the dress for the first time the night of the party—find that it needs something done to it, and get yourself in a tizzy. If this is going to be a good party, it's worth spending a little time and thought on it. Start early and avoid the rush. A new dress needs a little rehearsal wearing. And—this is *especially* important—new shoes need breaking in.

**D**ON'T decide at the last minute that you're going to change your hairdo, and not give your hair a chance to get used to the idea. You'll find that a new hairdo needs at least a week's training if you don't want it to fall to pieces the night of the party. Don't spare the hairbrush—it will help whip your hair into shape and also give it more shine.

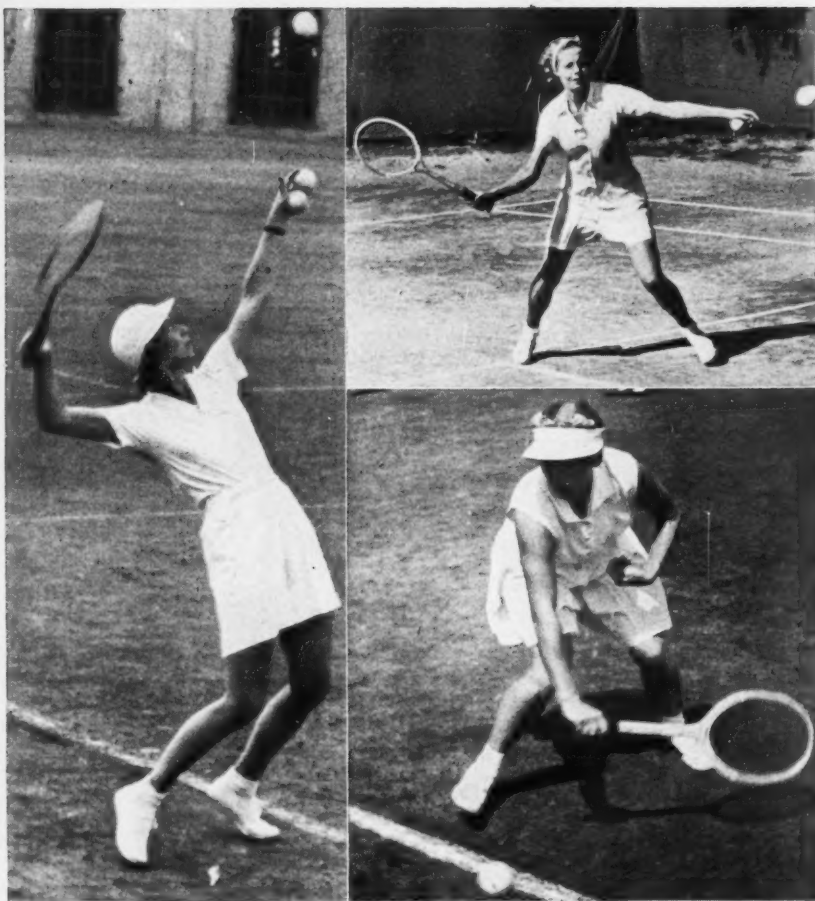
When we take hairdo pictures of models, we always tell them to wash their hair at least two days before the sitting. We find that with this timing, hair is usually more manageable, doesn't fly around so. You might try this: wash your hair two days before the party and roll up the ends. Then on the great day you can do a re-roll up, just to be sure.

Most hands need at least a week's work to bring them up to the party level. I don't have to tell you how to manage this. Just do more of what you ordinarily do. More careful washing and drying and pushing back the cuticle with your towel. More frequent use of hand lotion. More prompt filing of a snagged nail

(Continued on page 48)

Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE

# Let's Talk



Pix

Max P. Haas from European

Top, International News

Alice Marble's powerful service is worth study. Note that well-tossed ball will be met slightly in front of forward shoulder as body weight shifts to foreleg

Upper photo shows Miss Marble's loose, wide forehand. A champion keeps her eye on the ball!

In lower picture, Helen Bernhard demonstrates backhand drive. Right side of body faces net

**T**ENNIS IS FUN to watch, but it's even more fun to play! The feeling of power that a good racket gives, the sheer joy of a ball well hit, the keen satisfaction of winning a point fairly and skillfully, the sociability of a close doubles match with good friends—all these can be yours when you learn to play tennis.

Tennis is a game of placing the ball where your opponent will be at a disadvantage in returning it. If she hugs the net, lob over her head. She might be very successful running back to make the return, but ten to one she'll place the ball where you can smash it at her feet, or—now that you have her at the base line—drop the ball gently over the net. If you feel equal to it, slice the ball a little; she'll very likely miss it, for in a slice the ball shoots off in an unexpected direction.

Before you can begin to play, you need a racket. This need not be the most expensive, but it should be a good one, of the right weight for you and balanced perfectly—that is, not having a top-

heavy head. Generally speaking, the average thirteen-year-old should play with a racket of about 12½ ounces. If you're between fourteen and seventeen, it's best to choose one of 13 to 13½ ounces. Don't think that with a heavier racket you have a better chance to hit a faster, harder ball, for that isn't necessarily the case. If the racket is too heavy for you, your wrist will tire easily and lead to faulty playing. The handle of your racket should be just large enough to give you a "natural grip"—firm but not strained. Your thumb should touch the first joint of your third finger.

Like everything else, a racket will give good service only as long as it's kept in good condition, so it's a smart idea to buy a waterproof cover and a wooden press for it. Always wipe the strings and frame with a clean, dry cloth before laying the racket away on a closet shelf. No, don't lean it carelessly against a wall, or toss it on the floor where it can be stepped on!

Now, with a racket and some good lively balls, go out and find a backstop.

Most playgrounds and schools have them, made of boards nailed together to form a twenty-foot solid wall. But if you don't live near a real one, a good-sized garage door will do almost as well.

Now pace off ten generous steps away from the backstop, and mark the ground with a sharp stick. This line represents the base line of a tennis court. Then, measure a racket's length, plus its width, up from the ground on the boards, and draw a chalk line. This will correspond to the net's height on the court. When you play with yourself against the backstop aim to hit above this line, for below it means you've hit the ball into the net, causing a fault and so losing a point.

All set? Let's try a forehand drive! Standing on the base line, turn your left side to the backstop. Put your weight on your right foot, and hold your racket almost chest-high and straight out at your right side, so that racket and right arm make one continuous line. Then start moving the racket toward the left. When it's directly in front of you is the split second your racket should contact the ball—but don't worry about that yet. Worry about your weight, which is shifting now from the right foot toward the left foot, and about the racket, which must continue in its wide arc until it almost reaches your left side.

The completion of a stroke is called the "follow-through," and for power and accuracy, this long swing past the point of contacting the ball is important. Short, choppy stroking will never make an excellent player.

**P**UT your racket down now, and pick up a ball. With your left side to the backstop, hold the ball in your left hand, chest-high and at arm's length. Then let the ball drop directly in front of you. This is the point where the racket will contact the ball—you hope. After practicing this several times, pick up your racket and try to combine the forehand drive technique with the ball-dropping. Try to connect them. Drop—the ball; swing from right to left. Drop—swing, drop—swing. At first you'll miss the ball by inches—many inches. But don't be discouraged. Soon the ball and racket will begin to connect. And when the sound is a firm, unblurred ping, you'll



# Tennis

by FLORENCE  
WIGHTMAN ROWLAND

know that your racket is hitting the ball at the right second. Also, if the stroke ends with your weight on the left foot, chances are you are making progress.

The backhand drive is the reverse of the forehand. Some players prefer to shift their grip for this stroke, running the thumb up the handle of the racket for added strength, and I believe more accuracy can be attained in this way. But many good players play the stroke without changing the grip, only shifting the angle of the racket slightly.

For the backhand your *right* side is turned toward the backstop, the racket starts at the *left* side and continues until it is as far as your arm can go to the right. Your weight shifts from left to right, and the ball is dropped, as before, with the left hand at chest height and arm's length. Drop the ball, swing, contact the ball on its up bounce, then continue to follow through to the end of the arc.

After you've mastered these two strokes, you are ready to try the service. This is the stroke that starts every point in the game. To learn to serve, stand at the base line, the left side of your body toward the backstop. Now toss the ball about two feet above your right shoulder. Practice this until you can do it easily, for a poorly thrown ball means a poorly executed shot. At the start of the serve, it's well to rest the shaft of the racket against the left hand. Then swing the racket across your body and up, behind your head, contacting the ball as it begins to fall toward you. For the follow-through, let the racket swing to the right or left—whichever you do better is the right way for you.

These three strokes are the main ones  
(Continued on page 50)

The handle of your racket should be just large enough to give you a "natural grip"



Photo from European  
The American Girl



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Just by flicking a shutter, a person caught these two polar bears—

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by  
**HARRIET  
WARREN**



## FOR YESTERDAY

**THUMPETTY-THUD**, *thumpetty-thud, thumpetty-thud.*

"What kind of a noise is that?" you ask. And for answer, we refer you to the Girl Scouts of Nashville, Tennessee. Practically any one of them can tell you that's the sound of an old-fashioned hand loom as it sings its aged, rhythmic song of beauty and self-reliance and American liberty.

**These Tennessee Girl Scouts are learning legend and lore along with weaving skill**



As a matter of fact, the song of the shuttle has rated high on the list of these Nashville girls' hit tunes for quite some time. For over a year—at their Camp Woodhaven in summer, and in their troops in winter—they've been working hard at this ancient handicraft, having a wonderful time and turning out handwoven guest towels, table runners, luncheon sets, and bath mats fine enough to be exhibited anywhere.

Some of these Girl Scouts have done experimental weaving with grasses from their own fields and hills. Others have learned how to card, spin, and wind the wool of Tennessee sheep. Almost all of them have learned how to weave with an Egyptian card, a small, plain inkle loom, a pattern loom, a floor loom. They've taken blues and whites, roses and browns and yellows, and woven them into the lovely authentic patterns that have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations.

But listen to the names of these patterns, and you'll soon see that these girl weavers are learning much more than just the skills of a folkcraft. There's *Braddock's Defeat*, *Washington's Victory*, *Soldier's Return*, *Lee's Surrender*, *Rocky Mountain Cucumber*, and many others—the whole history of a hundred years or more written by the hands and hearts and looms of the women who lived in

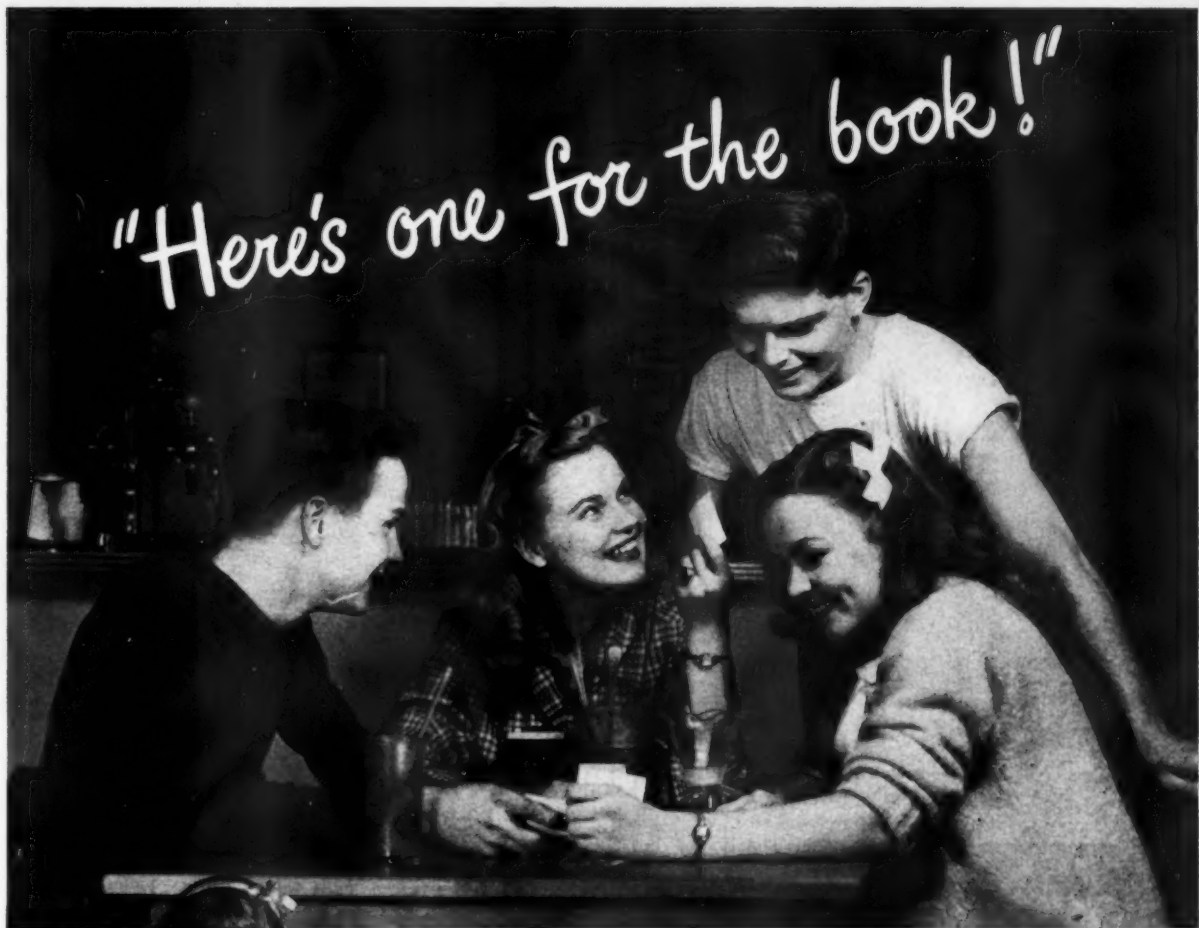
them. Poring over the historic craft books for the stories of authentic patterns, delving into musty trunks for precious antique examples of weaving, and talking with grandmothers round about their town, these modern girls have learned American legend and lore they'll never forget. And as the shuttles fly, imaginations fly too, and what young weaver doesn't relive history for a moment at least—visualizing herself working at a homemade loom in her own pioneer cabin, the flintlock over the mantelpiece?

"Oh, yes," you say. "Reliving history is all very well if you inhabit a colorful section of the country where things happened. It's fine for girls who live in those Southern highlands, or under the shadow of an aged California mission, or in a Massachusetts house whose chimney proudly wears its birth date. But what can you do if you live in a perfectly ordinary little town—and go to a camp that's set on the edge of a perfectly ordinary little lake?"

If that's the way you feel, young lady, you have a lot to learn. And we suggest you start in immediately by digging behind the scenes a bit in that "perfectly ordinary town" of yours. You may easily come up with a list of legends and true tales of Indian wars and explorers, of copper barons and cattlemen, that will

(Continued on page 29)





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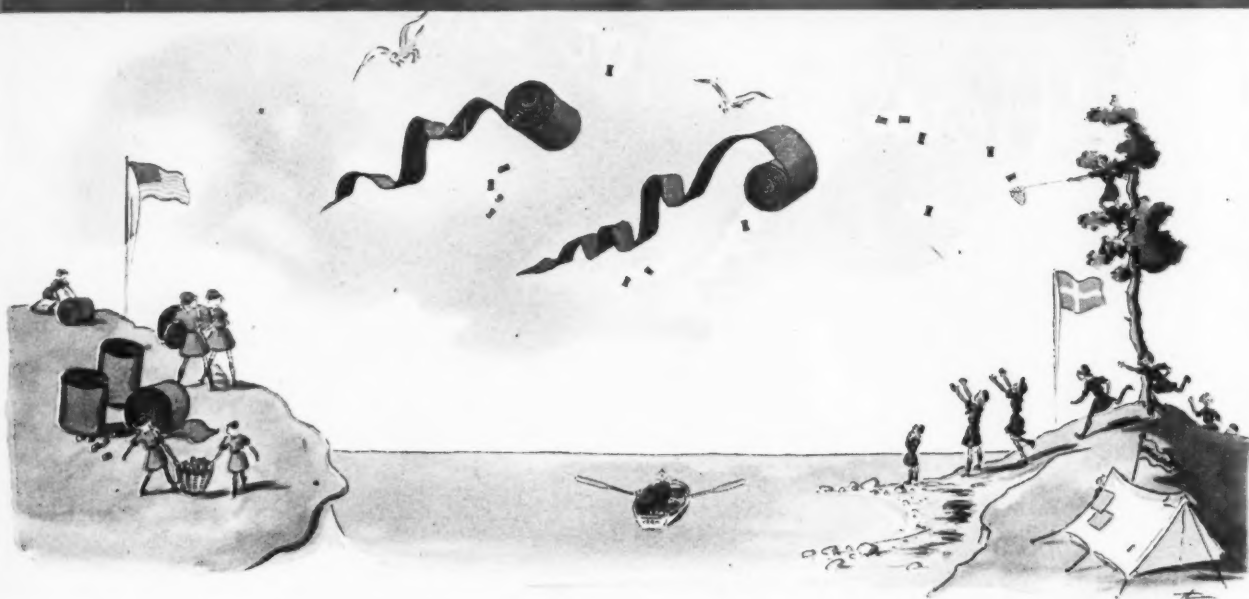
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# ALL OVER THE MAP



A drawing done by a Danish Girl Guide and sent to American Girl Scouts

• **There are many**, many ways of saying "Thank you," but two of the nicest we've heard recently came from overseas. One of them was from the Danish Girl Guides who sent the watercolor which is reproduced on this page. It was done by a Danish Girl Guide and the message printed on the back is this: "To the American Girl Scouts with deepest gratitude from the Danish Girl Guides." Their thanks go to every Girl Scout who contributed to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund which purchased and sent material, needles, and thread, thus helping the Danish Girl Guides to have uniforms again. The other nice thank-you came from the children of the Koloshan Orphanage near Chungking, China, for the many gifts they received from the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. It was a little doll, dressed in Chinese fashion, and made in the craft school of the orphanage by the children themselves. Her name is "Mei Mei," which means Little Sister. She was brought to the Girl Scouts of the United States by Mrs. K. L. Tien Niu, a member of the National Association for Refugee Children.

• **Senior Girl Guides** of Brazil, corresponding to our Mariners, had a thrilling experience recently, when they went to a national encampment of Brazilian Girl Guides at Bahia. It seems that one hundred of them had to be transported by sea from the southern countries of Brazil to Bahia—a five days' journey. The co-operation of the government was enlisted, and in the end the Guide Council secured the permission of the President for the Guides to sail to Bahia and back on the N.E. *Almirante Saldanha*, official training ship for Brazilian navy officers. Assisted by an instructor, the girls acted as helmsman, signalman, and assistant navigating officer, but they all had routine everyday jobs too, leading a real sailor's life on board ship. Once, the captain let them hoist the flag themselves!

• **When you see a child**, more often than not it has a dog at its heels, a cart on a string, or an old doll in its arms—some thing that's terribly important to the child. In Europe there are thousands of children who do not have a single thing to play with, not even a ball. Add to this the facts that many of them have lost their parents, their homes, their health, and that they're hungry, and you'll see

why Girl Scouts are going to send play kits to the children of Greece. These kits will consist of a foot locker or sturdy wooden box containing such things as balls, skipping ropes, picture books, crayons, drawing paper, paste, scissors, paints, sewing materials, and simple woodworking tools, suitably assorted according to age groups. The approximate cost of material in each chest is \$25, but any number of Girl Scouts may band together to assemble one, and there's a lot you can do in the way of collecting and repairing secondhand articles that will bring the cost down considerably. Ask your leader to tell you all the details so that you can start planning. She'll find full instructions and details of the kits in the June, 1946, issue of "The Leader."

• **Fingerprinting**, far from belonging exclusively to Who-Dun-Its, has a place in the life of every citizen, as members of the Senior Girl Scout Planning Board of Rochester, New York would tell you. After hearing an illustrated talk by William Winfield of the Department of Identification of the Rochester Police Bureau, each member of the board was fingerprinted, and arrangements were made so that any Senior Scout in Monroe County may do the same. Think what a help this would be, for instance, if you were to be in an accident!

• **International fairs** are nothing new to Girl Scouts, but the one, given recently by Girl Scouts of Grand Forks, North Dakota, in their high school gym, was particularly well planned and carried out. Individual booths manned by one troop represented each country, and the girls made posters and backdrops, collected costumes, gathered outstanding displays of handicrafts and precious objects of art, and learned songs and dances from the various foreign lands. Floodlights lit each booth as visitors passed from country to country, hearing a song in one, seeing a dance or puppet show in another. The Peruvian booth was arranged as a market place with tourists passing through and asking questions about Peru—and what's more, their questions were answered! The Brownies had a booth too, in which they showed fifteen Brownie activities, and there was singing by a Girl Scout chorus made up of one girl from each troop. At



## Headline News in Girl Scouting

the end, everybody gathered in the school lunchroom where coffee and doughnuts and Eskimo pies were sold to cover the modest expenses of the fair. It took some good, hard studying on the part of each troop to get thorough backgrounds on their chosen countries, but many of them had interesting experiences in their search for material to display, and, because of it all, the community (which gave its assistance in many ways) has become increasingly interested in Girl Scouts as world citizens.

• **If even a drop** of printer's ink runs in your veins, here's a thought you'll like. A group of Intermediate and Senior Girl Scouts of Saint Cloud, Minnesota, earned their Typography badges and are putting their information to good use by publishing regularly a Girl Scout newspaper. Jobs on the newspaper are interchanged so that each girl has a turn as business manager, advertising manager, editor, rewrite girl, fashion writer, cartoonist, and photographer. Interest was carried even further when the Scouts held a panel discussion with top-flight women journalists to explore vocations in that field.

• **Girl Scouts**—Ranger Aides especially—don't need to be told that the wildlife, soil, woodlands, waters, and mineral resources of our country are shrinking away to an alarming degree. But other people do, it seems, which is why "Outdoor Life" magazine has announced a competition for a simple, direct conservation pledge which Americans may recite just as they do the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Why not have a try at one of the big cash awards they're offering for the best pledges? The first prize will be \$3,000; second, \$1,000; third, \$500; fourth, \$100—and eight additional prizes of \$50 each. The pledge you write must be thirty words or less, and must be accompanied by an essay on "Why America's Natural Resources Must be Conserved." All entries must be in by July 31st, 1946, and the rules of the contest may be had by writing to Conservation Editor, "Outdoor Life," 353 Fourth Ave., New York 10, New York.

• **Where there's a will** to go to camp there's usually a way! Hard-working Senior Girl Scouts of International Falls, Minnesota proved this recently, when they put on a fashion show in their school to raise the necessary funds. Having arranged for the use of their school auditorium, they made arrangements with local shops, which not only provided the clothes, hats, and shoes for the show, but sent a representative to dress the models. The Scouts, who've been studying ways to improve their posture, hair styling, dancing, and personal charm for over a year, were well prepared to do the modeling job themselves, and when a local beauty shop supplied experts to help them with their make-up, they felt quite professional as they stepped out to the tune of the 8-piece school string ensemble! Local newspapers and radio stations gave them space and time for their announcements, and a local creamery printed the tickets. Not only did the girls earn a good share of their expenses for camp—they also helped themselves to lessons in poise that they'll never forget.

• **Have you heard** it rumored that there's to be a new dog-obedience training project for Girl Scouts? Pioneer work for it has been done by ten Baltimore Girl Scouts who've been meeting Tuesday evenings in a school gymnasium and, with their dogs, going to school for an hour. No, they haven't taught their dogs to do tricks; they've taught them discipline and obedience, and incidentally, learned to discipline themselves, too. While the girls learned to keep their tempers, the dogs learned what "Heel," "Sit-stay," and "Down-stay" mean, and (hardest of all) to stay down while the instructor walks around, whistles, and tries to distract them from the job of staying put. In addition to the weekly class, every Girl Scout owner agreed to work with her dog at least ten minutes a day to keep it in practice. So successful was the experiment that serious consideration is being given to the launching of an official, nation-wide Girl Scout Dog Training project, based on the work of this Baltimore troop.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

## The American Girl

Paul Parker Photograph



Mrs. K. L. Tien Niu with the doll sent to our Girl Scouts by Chinese children

Girl Scouts of Grand Forks, North Dakota dressed for their International Fair

Grand Forks Herald Photograph





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# TEEN SHOP talk



Miss Teen Shop Talk, your store explorer, presents her favorite finds of the month—all less than 83¢.

This bumblebee lapel pin all but buzzes! Emily Wetherby designed the fuzzy doodad which comes in many hues, and costs \$1 at the notion counters of J. L. Hudson in Detroit, and Lord & Taylor in New York



Heading your way is a neat little half hat of straw braid in assorted colors.

Fits any head-size and it couldn't be cuter or cooler. Glen-Tops is the maker and the price, \$2. At Gimbel's, New York, and Marshall Field, Chicago

Kleinert's new play shoe really can take a beating! In black, blue, or red fabric with gay, peasantry trim—or in solid white—it has a compounded rubber sole and costs \$2.25 at Bloomingdale's, New York, and R. H. Stearn's, Boston



For serious swimming or simply sunning, here's the perfect suit. It comes in smart, striped cotton—blue, red, or green with white—and the halter neck, with adjustable bow-tie front, and pleated shorts help you cut a trim figure. Cobert Sportswear makes the outfit which sells for \$2.95 at Schuster's in Milwaukee, and Oppenheim Collins, New York

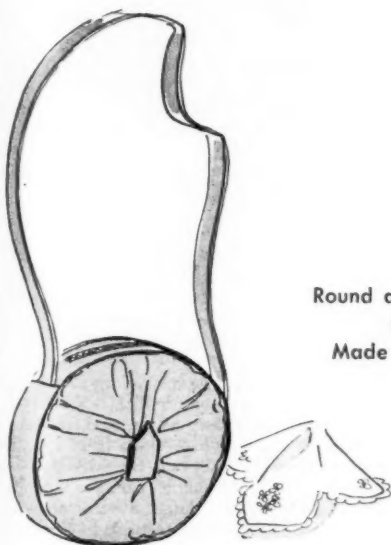
by TONI LAWRENCE

## TEEN SHOP *talk*

Sun queens' special—safe and snazzy polaroids made by the American Optical Co. \$1.69 at Lugene, Inc., 604 Madison Avenue, New York. Frames are red, green, blue or ivory.



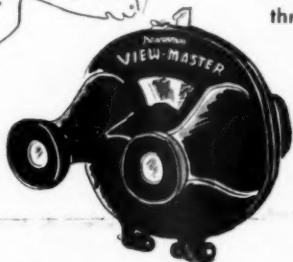
Round and round you go with a tambourine-shaped shoulder bag in chic red kid. Made by Nellie Forman, it sells for \$2 plus 20% Federal tax, at R. H. Macy or Arnold Constable, New York



Be the cool and scintillating one in a washable dotted-swiss blouse by Glenwear. Dreamy drawstring neckline and puff sleeves make it perfect date bait—with skirts, shorts, or slacks. White only, with a black bow, it's \$2.70 at Stern's, New York



See the world with Eastman's View Master, a new gadget that brings three-dimensional color views to your very armchair. Scenic reels are 35c each (three for \$1.00) and the View Master is \$1.50 at the Eastman Kodak Store, 356 Madison Avenue, New York



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# Speaking of MOVIES

by

TAMARA ANDREEVA



**THE KID FROM BROOKLYN** will seem like a delightful package of laughs if you like Danny Kaye. He starts as a shy salesman in a dairy, is upped to contender for the middleweight championship, and fights an opponent dosed with sleeping pills. There's a lively romance, and the story of a milk-wagon horse named Agnes, deftly woven into a swift-paced comedy.

If you like blood-and-thunder westerns, the **RENEGADES** (in technicolor) with its exciting bandit attacks on stagecoaches and last-minute rescue of a hero whose head is already in the noose, will give you some thrills. Evelyn Keyes and Larry Parks have the leads, and there is a lot of gorgeous Western scenery and high-spirited horseflesh to keep everybody entertained.



**ONE MORE TOMORROW** features a spritely verbal duel between Christie Sage, a girl photographer, and Cecilia Henry, a selfish and superficial heiress, for the attentions of the charming and irresponsible Tom Collier (Dennis Morgan). The plot includes a lot about a sensational exposé-bent magazine, and has good pace. Ann Sheridan is a good Christie.

In **THE RETURN OF RUSTY**, the usual Hollywood formula of dog-meets-boy gets a new twist. Ted Donaldson plays the lead supported by several juvenile actors, who play the members of a private club named The Stinkers. Ace, the dog star, trained by famed Earl Johnson, performs feats of courage and devotion, and the boys do a lot to help a Czech refugee.



**E**VER since the war began, nice fresh wigs have been as scarce as butter in Hollywood. Warner's met a major emergency by opening its own wig laundry and found that rewashed wigs could be used again and again. Another useful Hollywood invention is a machine for fanning clouds in any direction desired by director or cameraman. Fred Ponedel, head of the studio's special Cloud Department, manufactures clouds by a secret process he devised.

★ Proceeds from the sales of **I NEVER LEFT HOME**, Bob Hope's best seller, go to the National War Fund, and the amount is said to be second only to that contributed to the same cause by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Bob is now very busy authoring another book, **CIVILIAN WITH PRIVILEGES**. He also writes a column which appears in a lot of dailies here and in Canada.

★ While Bing Crosby was acting in a tender love scene in Paramount's **BLUE SKIES**, the script demanded that he be soaked with a sudden downpour (man-made from a watering can above). Bing took the soaking like a trouper, but when the cameras stopped grinding, he called "Come down from there, Bob Hope. I know you're back in town and just trying to crab my act again!"

★ The huge plot of ground on which MGM now stands was once an original Spanish royal land grant given to the old Carillo family. (Leo Carillo is one of their descendants.) It is one of the largest movie lots in the world, boasting a fifty-man police force, its own fire department, and a commissary that feeds nearly four thousand people daily. The telephone exchange at MGM puts through more long-distance calls in one twenty-four hour period than an average city of 50,000 population. The lot also has its private railroad, lumberyard, machine shops, foundry, and zoo. Tigers, a couple of lions, monkeys, zebras, apes, and tropical birds are only part of the animal population.

★ A streamlined, 1937 "Horch" auto will soon make its film debut in a Paramount picture about spies. The car is one of Adolf Hitler's own black, sleek, touring cars, in which Der Fuehrer rode down the Wilhelmstrasse, taking *heils!* from his obedient subjects. The car, which is quite a rarity, was shipped from Germany by the troops of occupation, and you'll probably see it in a lot of pictures.

★ To play a guitar and smoke a cigarette at the same time is quite a trick, though it may not appear so to an average movie-goer. To show up in the picture, the cigarette has to be a recently lighted one. Before the guitar number is finished at least a pack of cigarettes is used; as each cigarette burns low, a new one is handed to the player by a special "cigarette girl," and a successive lap of the movie is shot.

THE END



## All Aboard For Yesterday

(Continued from page 22)

make the efforts of Hollywood writers look pale.

How do you know that the rut of a prairie schooner didn't go right under your cabin at camp? And are you quite sure there aren't some Indian arrowheads buried near the archery range? Yes, here and now—in black and white—we want to say that there's hardly a spot in all America where a little spadework won't produce enough turbulent, humorous, and colorful happenings to fill a book.

Speaking of filling a book, that's the very thing a troop of eighteen Brownies out in Northfield, Minnesota is doing. In the not-too-distant future they expect to burst into print with a children's history of the town of Northfield. They're writing it in their own words, illustrating it with their own drawings, as they uncover—with their leader's help—the history and legends of their town. Like seasoned reporters, these third and fourth graders are working it all out, chapter by chapter—reading yellowed newspapers, hiking to historic spots, interviewing the town's oldest inhabitants. The Brownies began with a study of the Wapecutah Indians who used to live in that region. They learned their songs and games and customs, and then they wrote them down and illustrated them. Next came the French-Canadian fur traders and the Norwegian settlers. Doubtless this history book will have a bright chapter on Northfield's first white man, Alexander Faribault, and on the founding and growth of the two local colleges. And certainly the Brownies will recount the tale of the Jesse James bank robbery!

Senior and Intermediate Scouts, too—in camps and troops—have found rich treasures of legend and history right under their noses, and have built their discoveries into interesting activities. Take the girls at Camp Barree in Pennsylvania who have a flair for dramatics. Through chatting with the neighbors in the region the Scouts learned that the town for which their camp is named was—a hundred years ago—a thriving iron-furnace community. So fascinated were they with all the stories and legends of their mountain and the surrounding countryside that they wove them into a fine pageant, presented at the camp's tenth anniversary celebration.

Take the up-and-coming Intermediate troop at Marine, on the St. Croix, who plan to put the history of their lovely valley into song. Already—in the music and words of the Sioux and Chippewa, and the French-Canadian voyageurs who used the river for their highway—they've brought to life the first colorful chapters. Or take the Girl Scouts at an established camp in Texas who wound up their study of Mexican customs with a bullfight—complete (except for the bull) with torreadors, picadors on stick horses, costumed spectators, and a disdainful matador.

Up in Duluth, Girl Scouts have taken a colorful legendary character of the Minnesota-Wisconsin region and built an annual fall playday around him. Once upon a time, you see, there was a fabulous lumberman named Paul Bunyan. So big was he that the Great Lakes were formed in his footsteps, and when he wanted to grease the griddle for his morning flapjacks, he'd set fully grown men to skating around it on mammoth slabs of

(Continued on page 31)



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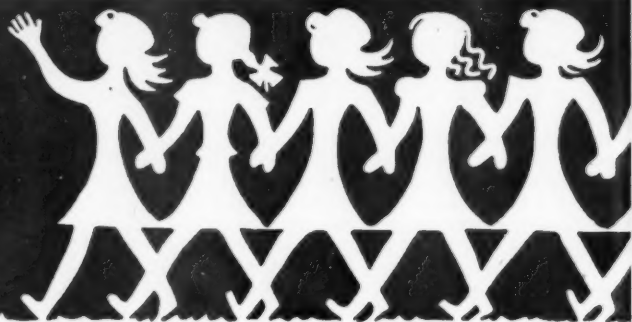
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# IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by **LLOYD WELDON**

## Shoo Fly

The fly-swatter season is almost here, but how well can you describe the buzzing little pest that you see so often? Have you any idea what the common housefly is *really* like?

Do you know, for instance, that he has a dusty gray body with four dark stripes running down his back; that during every minute—each sixty seconds—his wings beat almost 20,000 times? Yes, scientists have counted them. Furthermore, these wings don't flap up and down like a bird's; they move in a figure eight, and when a housefly is cruising at top speed he goes along at about five miles an hour.

The fly's eyes are the strangest part of him, however, and they're the secret of why he's so hard to swat. You've probably noticed how his eyes bulge. Well, that's because instead of having only two lenses as you do, the fly's eye is honeycombed with them. He has 4000 lenses in each eye—8000 in all. This gives him the ability to see in every direction. And, because he has no eyelids, he can see at all times. No wonder he can outmaneuver a mere fly swatter!

And why can a fly walk on glass, or upside down on the ceiling? Because he plants down at least three of his six legs at a time—and therefore is always more stable than a tottering two-legged human being. His feet are claws too, with sticky pads, and that helps. He has no lungs; his blood is colorless. And, by the way, the housefly doesn't bite. That was a stable fly that bit you. Houseflies specialize in carrying germs.

## New Shrine for the Nation

On April 12th of this year, just one year after President Roosevelt died, the nation received his ancestral home at Hyde Park, New York, as its newest shrine. Henceforth it will be open to the public every day in the week except Monday. Fifty cents is charged for admission to the house, but no charge is made for viewing the grave.

Of its forty rooms, the mansion's pleasant library was the usual gathering place for the Roosevelt family and friends. The focal point is a large portrait of Mr. Roosevelt's great-great-grandfather painted by Gilbert Stuart, the artist so well known for his portraits of Washington. Flanking the portrait are the two high-backed chairs Mr. Roosevelt used during his two terms as governor of New York.

Upstairs, in one of the many bedrooms, you may see the old-fashioned walnut bed where Mr. Roosevelt was born. In another room is the bed in which he slept when he grew up, but this room is not open to the public. It's still too full of Mr. Roosevelt's things

—his battered straw fishing-hat hangs in the closet; a snap of Buzzie and Sistie, two of his young grandchildren, is stuck in the mirror frame. It's still his room, despite the simple grave that is hidden by the rosebushes in a quiet corner of the estate.

The Roosevelt family will live no longer in the main house; but when she presented their home to the nation, Mrs. Roosevelt said

pale green blinds and the two granite wings. She spoke also of the "cottage on the hill" which Elliott Roosevelt and his wife now occupy, and said she was glad that it would remain in the family.

Mrs. Roosevelt spoke proudly and firmly. And the people who visit the Hyde Park estate will all be grateful for her generous release of the home she and her husband loved so well.

## QUICKIE QUIZ

Of course the USSR stands for Russia, and UNRRA means food for the hungry, but do you know exactly what word each letter in those familiar groups of initials represents? Go ahead and see if you do, and then take the next four questions. You'll find this quiz is definitely harder than it looks. Try it out on your parents and see if they don't agree!

1. USSR and UNRRA?
2. CIO and AFL?
3. UN and UK?
4. RFD and FDR?
5. FEPC and FHA?

### ANSWERS:

1. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.
2. Congress of Industrial Organizations and American Federation of Labor.
3. United Nations and United Kingdom.
4. Rural Free Delivery and Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
5. Fair Employment Practices Commission and Federal Housing Administration.

she had no regrets on that score—that she understood her husband's wish that it should belong to the people. She explained that Mr. Roosevelt and she had learned during their years in the White House that the homes of Presidents inspired such great public interest that their families had small chance of privacy.

"Therefore," she said, "we were not surprised to find, after his death, a memorandum which gave us the right to live here, but suggested that he thought we would be happier if we did not try to live in the big house."

Mrs. Roosevelt spoke also of the associations the house held for the Roosevelt family, and of how it had been changed in 1915 from a rather plain frame house into the present handsome cream stucco structure, with the

American educators, interested in the problem of changing the Germany of yesterday's Nazism into the Germany of tomorrow, democratic and free, have said repeatedly that the teen-age group is the toughest one to re-educate. This is because most young Germans have been instilled so thoroughly with Nazi doctrines that it is like "hammering at a stone wall with fists" to try to change their attitudes toward life and government.

The Allies, however, are hard at work on the problem. In the American zone, where the schools were re-opened as quickly as possible, new textbooks were sent in to replace the pro-Nazi ones, and a real effort was made to weed out pro-Nazi teachers. Now the girls are being encouraged to prepare themselves for other possible careers than "kitchen, church, and children" and big changes have been made in the physical education program, too. Where once the boys goose-stepped around the playground, they now run free or play games.

It will be a long time before the results of this educational reconversion are apparent, but it appears now that for the first time in ten years the German teen-ager is on the way to getting a chance to develop his mind and body for peace—not war.

## Bright You Are

Next time anyone tries to tell you that young people today aren't what they used to be in the way of brains, you might refer them to Dr. Clyde Hissong, Director of Education in the State of Ohio. Dr. Hissong compared the results of a general information test given to high-school students in 1939 with the results of one given in 1945, and the teen-agers of last year came out well ahead of their competitors of six years ago. To be exact, 15.3 per cent ahead.

Dr. Hissong also noted that the interest of the two groups had swung toward the more serious. The 1939 group did better on sports than on politics. But the 1945 group showed a strong interest not only in this country's governmental affairs, but in those of other countries as well.

## All Aboard For Yesterday

(Continued from page 29)

bacon! The games played at the "Paul Bunyan Playday" are based on these old settlers' stories, and troops from all over Duluth gather in the hilarious competitions for Paul's Trophy. For instance, fifteen points for her troop is awarded the winner of Big Joe Muffraw's Flapjack Making Contest. Speed is the deciding factor there, but for Sourdough Sam's Flapjack Flipping Contest, it's the pancake that's flipped to the greatest height which takes the prize. Then there's a Bear Hunt, a Tote-Road Shagamaw Race, and a Side-Hill Gouger Race. What's that one like? Well, it seems a side-hill gouger wasn't a bird like a grouse—he was more like a coon or a woodchuck, only he laid eggs like a bird. "He was kind of gray and brown and black all over and had all four feet black except one generally." But the game? It's a relay race—run backward and on all fours!

Maybe you'll find amusing legends, too, in your community. Perhaps—like the Scouts at camp on Martha's Vineyard—you'll discover that two hundred Indian wigwams once stood beside your camp site. Quite possibly, through Polish or Finnish or Italian neighbors, you'll find a rich background of the legends and customs of another country. For America is really an international nation, put together piecemeal—like a huge jigsaw puzzle of separate cultures and folkways.

So dig around your roots. Talk, read, explore, and you may be quite surprised at what develops. As a starter, why not find out where the early settlers in your region came from and why, what kind of food they ate, what bedtime stories they told their children. After that, you're off—and your camp or troop with you—having a wonderful time, growing in appreciation of a hundred things, and helping others to grow, too. In fact, the ripples of your understanding may soon reach right around the globe.

THE END

## Misterious Stranger

(Continued from page 9)

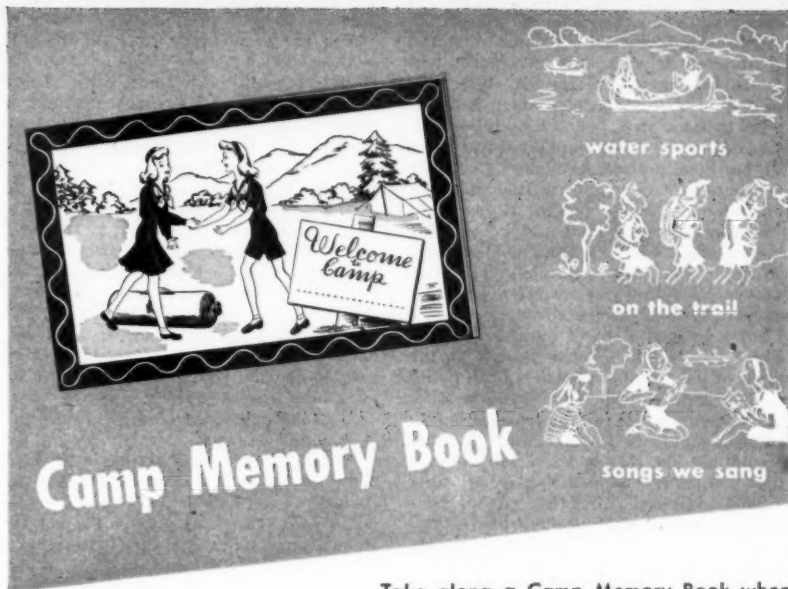
Thanks for the pictures you sent. They are darling. Who is the boy on your right, in the picture by the bridge? He is cute. Is he the one who gave you the perfume?

Your ever loving friend;  
Pat Downing

Dear Janie:

It is just as Dotty foretold. Elsie has a date with the M. S. tonight, and none of the rest of us have met him yet. Her brother had the stag party Saturday night. Her mother cooked steaks for the boys. Elsie broke a date to go to the show with Arnold Shaw. She told him she had a sore throat. It might have been slitley sore, but that was not the reason she broke it. Betty Forbes was bitter about it. She said diphtheria wouldn't keep Elsie at home if she wanted to go out, but she had to stay home in order to meet the M. S.

Betty's brother was there, and she found out from him how Elsie managed. He said the boys were in the basement after dinner, playing table tennis, and Elsie came to the head of the stairs to tell Johnny Babson he was wanted on the telephone. He said she looked awfully pretty and had a red ribbon



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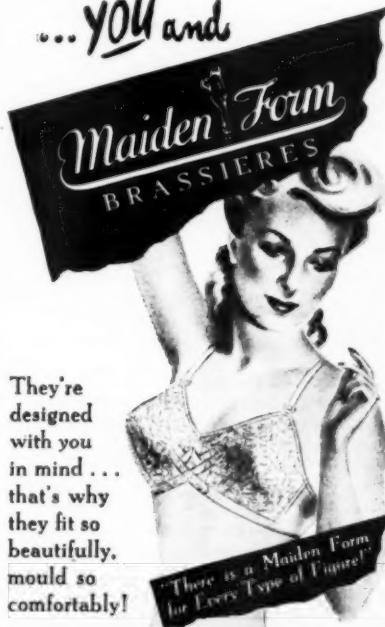
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in her hair, and when she left the M. S. asked her brother what her name was, and said would he mind to introduce him to her.

So as the boys were leaving, Elsie was sitting near the living-room door and her brother took the M. S. in and introduced him. He asked her for a date tonight, and all day Elsie has done nothing but brag about it to the rest of us. His name is Roderick Sullivan. Mother thought his last name might be McAdams, because that was the name of the man Miss Matilda's sister eloped with. That makes him more mysterious than ever. Elsie just puts on airs and won't tell us anything about him and you know you can never get any information out of boys.

This afternoon he played tennis on the court near the swimming pool. Dotty, Betty, and I watched him from the edge of the pool. He is a wonderful player and looks divine in white slacks and sweat shirt. But we wouldn't say anything like that to Elsie, as she is already so stuck up about the date with him.

I guess you will think we are all boy-struck, but he is not like the rest of the boys around here. I never look twice at them. He is so mysterious. That makes all the difference. Rosalind has a good idea. She is going to have a picnic and invite Elsie to come and bring her date. We know she will bring the M. S. if she possibly can, and if she does she cannot prevent us from meeting him. Rosalind is going to charter the swimming pool for two hours for the party, and then we are going to eat supper on the tables in the park by the pool. We are each going to bring something for the picnic. I am going to beg Mother to bake me a devil's-food cake with fudge icing, because it always makes a hit with men. I will even offer to go without sugar on my cereal for the next month, if she will.

*Your ever loving friend,*  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

Thanks a lot for your nice letter. I will be so glad if you ever come back here to live. Do you think you will? Are you tired of hearing about the M. S.? He is just as mysterious as ever, because the picnic didn't come off. We had a cloudburst that day. It hailed, too, and blew down light poles and telephone wires all over town. So we couldn't have the swimming party or the picnic.

I doubt if I ever get to meet him now, because we think he must be leaving right away. At least Betty's sister was at the depot the other day, and he came in and talked to the ticket agent a long time. So no doubt he was making a reservation, and that fills me with despair because he is by far the handsomest boy I ever saw, and so mannerly, too. The other day I was in the drugstore and as I was leaving, he came in. He held the door for me and I said "Thank you," and he smiled at me. It really melted my heart. But I guess he and I are like ships that pass in the night, as they say. It must be our fate that we will never meet. And I had counted on it so much, too. Life can be so trying and so very disappointing at times, don't you think so?

*Your ever loving friend,*  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

You are so lucky to have all those new clothes. It is a blessing to be an only child, though I would miss Lucy Ellen, Tommy, and Pete now that I am used to them. But when there are four children in a family, even though two are already married, one must do without things.

There is the most adorable pink dress in the window of the Chic Shoppe. I am panting for it. I mentioned it to Mother last night. Harry and Lucy Ellen were out here. So Harry teased me in front of the whole family. He said to Mother, "Get her the dress, by all means. She needs it. Every other girl in town has a new dress. They all have a single thought. It is to impress a princely-looking stranger. His name is Roderick Dhu, isn't it, Pat?"

"It is nothing of the kind," I answered. "It is Roderick Sullivan."

"Well, he certainly looks like a Sir Walter Scott character," Harry said. "He's very dashing. I can't say I blame the girls. They go to the drugstore wearing everything from hoop skirts to skiing pants to attract his notice."

So I told him he was very much mistaken, because I haven't dressed the least bit different since the M. S. came to town.

Harry said, "You're working on it, though. And you are right. The competition is

So Lucy Ellen and I  
went in, as if by ac-  
cident, and had cokes



fierce. The pink dress ought to be a help. I'm for it. Could you get some pink earrings to match? Cubans love earrings, they tell me."

"He is no Cuban, thank you," I told him. "He is an American just like you."

So then he said, "You flatter me. He is not just like me. He has got something I lack. No one buys new clothes to impress me. I'm just a humble automobile salesman."

Then Lucy Ellen leaned over and batted her eyes at him and said, "I will gladly buy any number of new clothes to impress you."

Harry pretended to glare at her and asked, "Where is the five dollars I gave you month before last?" And he tweaked her ear the way he does. They are sort of silly, but still I like them.

Mother only smiled when I urged her to buy the dress for me. She hasn't said yea or nay. It was \$16.95 but now it is marked down to \$11.95. I guess that is a tidy sum, but still, if a person's happiness is involved, it looks like a parent should spend it. Don't you think so?

*Your ever loving friend,*  
Pat Downing

Dear Janie:

I got the pink dress. Today we were in town, so I coaxed Mother to go to the Chic Shoppe with me and let me try it on. It fitted me perfectly and she bought it without any begging. It really looks yummy on me. I got a pink ribbon the same shade for my hair. I think men like pink more than any other color, don't you? Emma Weston is going to have a tennis match a week from tomorrow afternoon. I am going, but I am not going to play. However, it will be a good chance to wear the pink. The M. S. might be one of the players, I hope.

I know you had fun at the Grand Canyon. You get to do all the exciting things!

*Your loving friend,*  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

I went to the tennis match and wore the pink, but all in vain. The match was fine, but the M. S. was not there. No one had seen him for a week. He must be gone. We may never see him again, who knows?

No one in our crowd has seen him leaving either by bus or train. He is certainly the mysterious type. He only had that one date with Elsie. He might be a Woman Hater, don't you think so?

Emma Weston said the doctor's car was in front of Miss Matilda's house yesterday. Do you think he might be desperately sick?

Did you get to go to Tucson for the week end as you wanted to? Did you get to see Clark Gable at the dude ranch? Arizona seems to be simply crawling with celebrities. We don't have any here, unless the M. S. might be one. But we will never know any more about him, I guess.

*Your ever loving friend,*  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

Guess what? Poor Miss Matilda Sullivan is dead as a doornail. She had a stroke. They say she wouldn't let a human soul come near her, not even the doctor, and so the M. S. and her faithful cook, Deborah, took care of her. Then she got unconscious and they got the doctor, but he said her time had come. He sent for her relatives which she only has two or three of. So she died and they buried her privately in the family vault. They buried her yesterday.

So now we wonder what on earth is going to happen. Miss Matilda was sort of rich. Her relatives will inherit her house. We know they are still here because there is a nice-looking car in the drive with an Indiana license on it.

It is all very exciting. Don't you think it sounds like a novel?

*Your ever loving friend,*  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

The most remarkable coincidence occurred yesterday. It is really too good to be true almost. I was walking home, because I had missed the bus and Mother had our car in Nashville. You know how far it is—nearly two miles. I was getting pretty tired and wishing someone would come along and give me a ride.

Well, my shoestring came untied, so I stopped to tie it, and a car stopped beside me and someone whistled at me in a wolfish manner. I stood up and looked around indignantly. It was Harry, and sitting beside him, if you will believe me, was the Mysterious Stranger!

I gave a gulp and Harry said smoothly, "Pat, I want to introduce Rod Sullivan. Rod, this is Lucy Ellen's sister Pat."

Well, he flashed the smile that melts the heart and I smiled and climbed in and sat between them. I stealthily wiped the perspiration from my brow. I looked horrible, because I had been swimming and my hair was still damp. So I didn't say much of anything. I knew it was hopeless to try to make a good impression.

When we got nearly to my house, Harry said, "Better ride out the pike with us. I'm doing an errand for Lucy Ellen and showing off the car to Rod."

"I can't, thank you," I said. "I'm expecting a phone call." Which I was, from my French teacher. But I was sorry I said that, because it sounded braggish. Harry stopped at our gate and I marched up the drive without a backward glance. I was in despair because I knew the M. S. had classified me as a drip, a goon, and a sad sack.

Lucy Ellen was there when I walked in. She and father were in the living room talking about a house she and Harry want to buy. "What goes?" she said to me. "You look tragic!"

"Why did Harry have to stop and pick me up today?" I moaned. "I never looked so hideous in my life." And I told her who was with him.

"Cheer up," she said. "The M. S. may like the wholesome, athletic type. Who knows?"

"You needn't tease," I said, and burst into tears.

Father cleared his throat and looked sternly at Lucy Ellen and left the room. He hates for people to cry.

After a while, Harry came breezing in. "Where is he?" I asked tensely.

"I dropped him off at the Mausoleum," Harry said.

"What did you think of the prince in disguise?" asked Lucy Ellen.

"He's a swell kid," said Harry. "He came in to look at the convertible and wants his father to get one like it as soon as we have a car to sell him. Oh, and by the way, he wants a date with you tomorrow night, Pat."

So then I got up and went haughtily out of the room because I was tired of being teased. I was in Mother's room crying when Lucy Ellen came in and said, "Listen, dopey! He really does want a date with you tomorrow night."

"How could he?" I asked. "I looked hideous."

"Harry says he liked you because you seemed sort of indifferent," she told me. "Most of the girls run after him, I guess. Harry says would you and he like to double date with us? We could go to Nashville for dinner and see a show. Mother wouldn't object with us along."

(Continued on page 36)

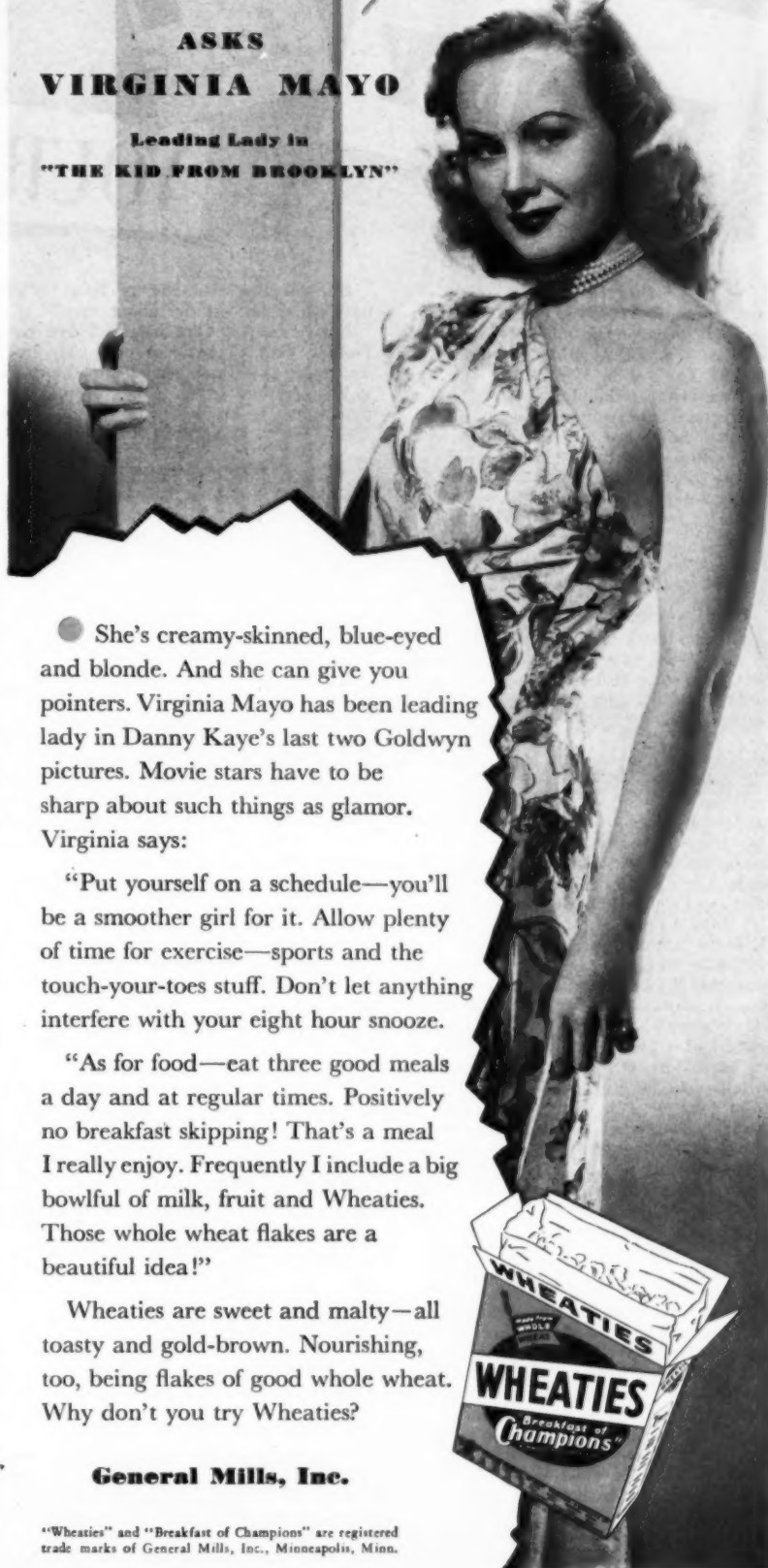
# Want to be a Glamor Girl?

ASKS

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Leading Lady in

**"THE KID FROM BROOKLYN"**



● She's creamy-skinned, blue-eyed and blonde. And she can give you pointers. Virginia Mayo has been leading lady in Danny Kaye's last two Goldwyn pictures. Movie stars have to be sharp about such things as glamor. Virginia says:

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"As for food—eat three good meals a day and at regular times. Positively no breakfast skipping! That's a meal I really enjoy. Frequently I include a big bowlful of milk, fruit and Wheaties. Those whole wheat flakes are a beautiful idea!"

Wheaties are sweet and malty—all toasty and gold-brown. Nourishing, too, being flakes of good whole wheat. Why don't you try Wheaties?

**General Mills, Inc.**

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### Puzzle Fan

WINCHESTER, KENTUCKY: I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine so much I wish it was weekly instead of monthly. I am a Girl Scout of Troop 4 in Winchester, and THE AMERICAN GIRL is helpful to us. I like especially well the continued story, *Clover Creek*. I have just got through reading April's edition and the cover is beautiful. I am glad you have put games and puzzles in the magazine. It should have one whole page for puzzles and games. I am twelve years of age and have been taking this magazine for almost a year.

CATHERINE ANN JOHNSON

### Boys Too!

ALVORDTON, OHIO: THE AMERICAN GIRL is very popular in our seventh and eighth grade schoolroom. Our teacher subscribed for it especially for the girls, but the boys find it interesting also.

JEANETTE WEST

### Old Subscriber

CRANFORD, NEW JERSEY: For eight years now THE AMERICAN GIRL has found its way to my house every month. Mom gave me a subscription when I was seven and I enjoyed it even then. It's a super magazine.

The improvements have really pepped it up. I think it's a good thing for the younger girls to be acquainted with good-looks tips now. Later, when they have the jump on the others, they'll look back thankfully.

I particularly enjoyed the article awhile back, *Women's Work in the F.B.I.*, as I already had a career planned in that work, as a translator. It's swell to have articles that tell you a little more about what you're getting into.

Dancing, basketball, and horseback riding are my pets and my favorite daydream has always been to be an actress, preferably movie. Like my mother, I'm a cat fiend. How about an article on cats?

Good luck to a wonderful magazine.

SUE PHILIPPE

### Criticism

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE: I am writing you to tell you what I and my friends think of THE AMERICAN GIRL. We liked the magazine before you changed it best. It is way too old now, and the younger girls don't enjoy it any more. The stories and articles aren't interesting. Why don't you divide it into two parts, one part for the younger girls and another part for the older girls? Things of interest to both of us could be put in the middle section.

Our favorite character is Bobo. Please have some more stories about her.

I have been a Girl Scout for five years. I am a First Class Scout now. My troop, Troop 25, is always getting into things and so it is very interesting. I have been to camp four years.

HARRIET THOMAS PROVINCE

### Mary Suggests

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA: I have just started receiving THE AMERICAN GIRL. I think it is really super. I like everything in and about it, but I wish that there would be more tips for teens. Dress styles, hair and hat styles are all very nice, but there are shoes to worry about—and most important, your face. Some girls, as a matter of fact, have a lot of bumps and blemishes on their faces. Won't you please give us a few tips on those things? We also like purses and jewelry. Why not tell something about those?

I also wish that you would put more jingles and puzzles in the magazine.

I am a Girl Scout, thirteen years old, but very small. I am 4 feet 7½ inches tall and weigh 74 pounds, and am in 8-A. I like to sketch, draw, and paint. My favorite sport is kick ball.

MARY LOU SCHMITT

### Ex Girl Scout

NEWARK, OHIO: I've just finished reading my April issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I can't thank you enough for a wonderful magazine.

I've taken the magazine eight months thus far. My favorite story in your magazine is *Clover Creek*. It's the story of a typical American girl. The reason for my interest in the story is that I work in a near-by home and I have headaches along with my joys.

My Scouting career began in the third grade of school. For two years I was a Brownie, then five years a Girl Scout. I have earned my First Class badge and a five-year membership pin.

Our family moved to a farm and this has caused me to drop out of Scouts. But I am still in touch with Scouting, because my twin sisters recently joined a Brownie troop. They enjoy it just as I did.

I am sixteen, a sophomore at Newark Senior High School, and a member of the school band and glee club. I enjoy music very much and it probably will be my aim throughout life.

Your beauty hints are very good and I enjoy them. Also your hair styles and good-looking clothing really make your magazine super. Please have more about Betty Lee.

How about a collie dog as a cover some time? I think the girl on the April issue was just the thing for spring.

ELLEN CLAGGETT

### Who-Dun-Its

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for a little over a year. *Clover Creek* is an excellent story, and I also enjoy *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. However, I like mysteries. Will you put in a nice mystery story once in a while? I wish you would have more puzzles and stories, and drop some articles.

I am twelve and a half. Swimming is my favorite sport, so I can't wait for summer.

I hope this letter is printed, because I'm sure other girls will want mysteries, too.

DORIS JOHNSON

### Square Dancing

ABILENE, TEXAS: I am sixteen years old and a Senior Service Scout. I really do enjoy reading the magazine since it has been "streamlined." I love to ride horses and do this quite often because two of my uncles own ranches. My two hobbies are square dancing and collecting postmarks from various parts of the United States. Our Scout troop went as a set this year to the famous cowboys' Christmas Ball, held each year at Anson, Texas. We all liked the article in your last issue on square dancing. It was somewhat different from the way we do it in Texas, but very interesting.

JEAN OATES

### World Traveler

AARHUS, DENMARK: I was very surprised when I read *The Story of a Stamp* in the December issue of AMERICAN GIRL. It is not very often that you see anything about Denmark, because it is so small and far away.

You all may wonder where I learned to talk English. My father and mother traveled to Aruba some years ago, and I was born there.

I have been pretty much around in the world in my thirteen years. I have been to Germany, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, United States, Venezuela, Trinidad, Curacao, England, Denmark, and Aruba. I must admit, though, that I don't remember much of anything from most of them, but at least I can say I've been there.

Our island of Aruba is a very pleasant little place, with everything as you have it in the States. I know many, many American boys and girls, a few English ones, and a few Dutch. I am almost like any American girl and have often been mistaken for one.

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



I like the new *AMERICAN GIRL* so much better than the old. I have taken it for two years and have enjoyed it, but now it's a whiz! I'll ask for only two more things: a little more about horses, please, because I'm horse crazy, and a few more fashions and hairdos for tall, slim, round-faced girls. Lucy Ellen is swell, too. I'd love more of her.

BIRGITTE B. GREGERSEN

### Diet Data

BEECH GROVE, INDIANA: I am sixteen years old and a Senior Service Scout. I have subscribed to your magazine for four years and I enjoy it very much, especially the beauty hints and fashion news.

But I would like to make one suggestion—how about exercises and diets especially for teen-agers? The clothes you show are all super, but they cannot overcome the handicaps of having too much or too little in the wrong places, as so many of us do. We cannot follow those in our mothers' magazines, because they do not suit our special problems. So how about an exercise, diet, health, or whatever you want to call it, column?

MARTHA JEAN BAILEY

### Bookworm

BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN: I am a member of Troop 10 in Birmingham. I think almost all the girls in my troop take *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and enjoy it very much. I have subscribed two years and have kept all my issues.

I am writing to tell you how much I like the change in the magazine. It's super. I like your section on books. I have read about fifteen of the books you have told about.

I think your *Clover Creek* is Roger Dodger! (O.K.!) Creamy, sharp, and mellow. I can hardly wait until my next issue comes. I enjoyed *For The Land's Sake* so much I've read it three times. Please put more of these super serials in the magazine.

CAROL HALL

### Keeping Up

BURIN, NEWFOUNDLAND: Though I am not an American, I don't believe I ever read such a good magazine for girls as *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I don't at all agree with girls who said there was too much on style in your mag. We need magazines like yours to keep up with style in little towns like Burin.

JOAN HOLLETT

### Broad Hint

MT. CARMEL, ILLINOIS: I would like to read stories about Bobo Witherspoon, and think it would be better to have longer stories, and less short ones. I would like more articles on Scouting, and some mysteries.

I have never written to any magazine before because I haven't had enough courage to do so. I am hoping my letter is published.

I am eleven years old and a Second Class Scout. I am working on my badges.

I hope that you will take my hints.

SHIRLEY MALCOLM

### Biographies

THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA: *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is much improved but for one thing. I am very fond of biography and in the old magazine very often there was an article on someone's life. I think a great many girls would like this back, if only for a column.

JEAN ROBISON

THE END

The American Girl



## This forest "grows" telephone poles

**PLANTED** in a Bell Telephone Laboratories' experimental field are hundreds of sections of telephone poles—brought in for a ten-to-fifty-year check-up.

These poles have been soaked in various preservatives and are being tested for the reactions of earth, blistering sun, sleet and frost and for damage by fungi and insects.

Out of these years of experiments,

much has been learned about increasing the life of our telephone poles—mighty important when you consider that there are now more than 15,000,000 of them in service in the United States and that over 1,000,000 more will be set up in the next few years.

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**PLAST-O-CRAFT PRODUCTS**  
13401 Corliss Ave., Hawthorne, Calif.

## Misterious Stranger

(Continued from page 33)

So I blinked and said, "Oh, Lucy Ellen, do you mean it?"

"I mean it," she said. "Now dry those tears and curl that hair."

I am going to wear the pink. Isn't it too devine?

*Your ever loving friend,*  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

We had the most marvelous time on the date. Rod is loads of fun to talk to, and he dances like Astair.

I told him we had been calling him the Misterious Stranger and he thought that was funny.

"I couldn't be less misterious," he declared. "I've lived nearly all my life in South Bend, Indiana."

"I thought you lived in Cuba," I said. "You thought I was my cousin, I guess," he replied. "He lives there, and I've visited him several times."

A little later I asked him what kin he was to Miss Matilda.

"I'm her great-nephew," he said. "She had an older brother who left here many years ago. He was my grandfather, and my father was his only child."

"Is your father here now?" I asked. He nodded. "Yes," he said. "And he's going to stay. Aunt Matilda left her property to him, and he and my mother have decided to move here to live. My father

says he's always had an idea he would like to live in Tennessee."

So then I was speechless, but I guess my face must have looked joyful because he said, "You don't mind having me for a neighbor, do you? And if my father buys a convertible like Harry's, you and I can have plenty of good times together, what do you say?"

Well, I nodded, and I tried to seem sort of indifferent since that was what he liked about me. But I don't know if I succeeded. I hope he doesn't know how thrilled I am.

*Your ever loving friend,*  
P. Downing

THE END

## Bo-Peep Pays Off

(Continued from page 15)

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in San Francisco, and the next day the friend announced, "Whether you like it or not, you're in the doll business!"

She had shown her fellow employees the doll, and had taken orders from a mere 400!

By the time Miss Abbott had worked her way through this unexpected assignment, she was giving the subject of dolls very serious thought indeed. Finally she took some of her creations to a San Francisco department store. She had to brace herself to do it, for she dreads meeting strangers, and she had never tried to sell anything in her life.

That buyer would not even look at her dolls. The buyer for a second store looked but was not impressed. She was told, among other things, that little girls wanted big dolls

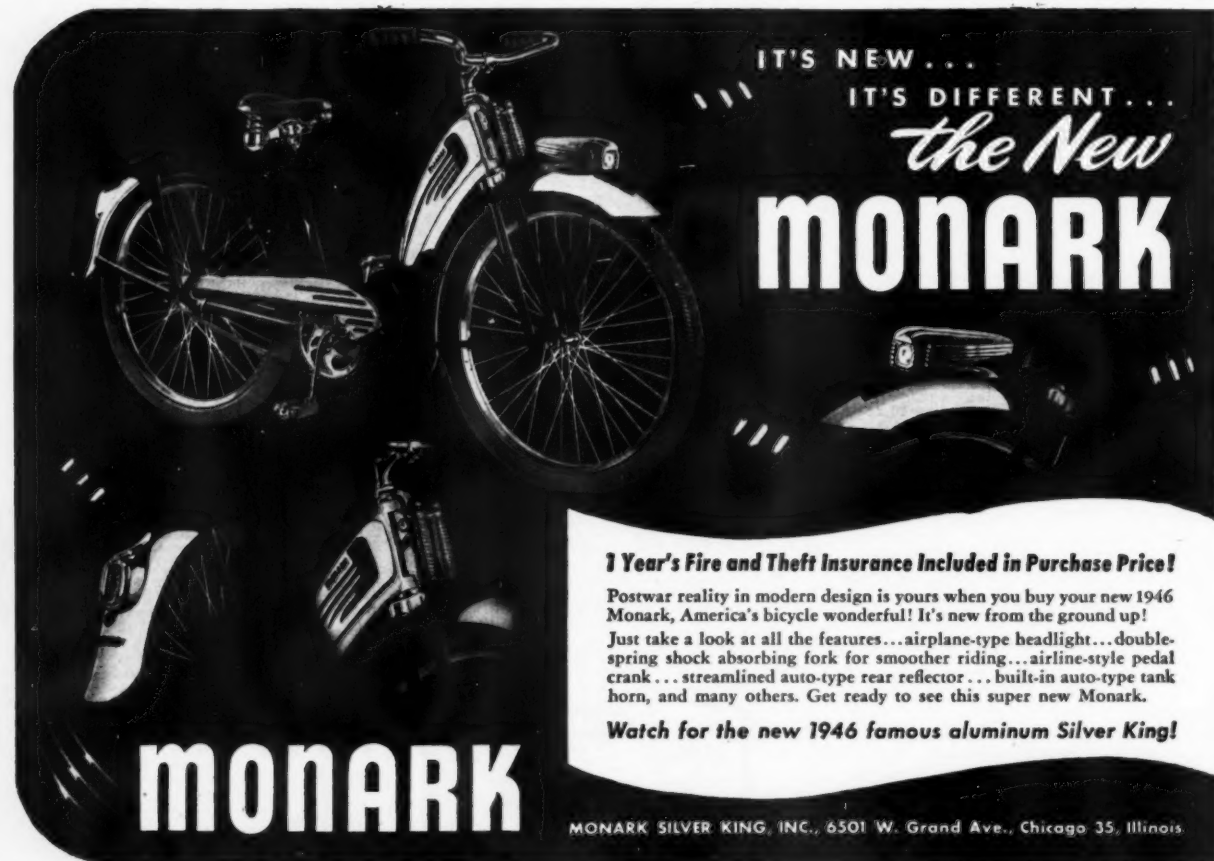
—the bigger the better—and not the tiny ones she presented; besides, they said, she couldn't hope to compete with the long-established doll manufacturers in the East. No one realized how much children would enjoy coming face to face with characters right out of their books, nor how important the collecting angle was to become.

It was several months before she worked up her courage to try again. This time she went to The Emporium, the largest department store in the city. Indifferent at first, the buyer finally ended by placing a trial order. Miss Abbott gives The Emporium credit for putting her in business, for when their buyer saw how fast the dolls were selling, he wrote enthusiastic letters to all the stores in the same buying organization.

All this took place in 1937. By the time the war broke out, Storybook Dolls had not only swept the country but had penetrated into foreign parts. In England, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are among the collectors. While the war stopped exports, it did not mean the end of her business, as Miss Abbott had expected; instead, the demand grew.

At an early stage of the enterprise, A. L. Rowland came in as partner and business manager. The two of them worked sixteen and eighteen hours a day, first getting the ball rolling and then trying to keep up with it. Three times they have had to move the plant into larger quarters.

Miss Abbott has two offices. They might be said to fit her two business selves—the artistic self which does the designing, and the mathematical self which supervises the in-



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IT'S DIFFERENT...  
*the New*  
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Postwar reality in modern design is yours when you buy your new 1946 Monark, America's bicycle wonderful! It's new from the ground up!

Just take a look at all the features...airplane-type headlight...double-spring shock absorbing fork for smoother riding...airline-style pedal crank...streamlined auto-type rear reflector...built-in auto-type tank horn, and many others. Get ready to see this super new Monark.

**Watch for the new 1946 famous aluminum Silver King!**

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# "How to have more fun on dates"



## DIANA LYNN

starring in "OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP"

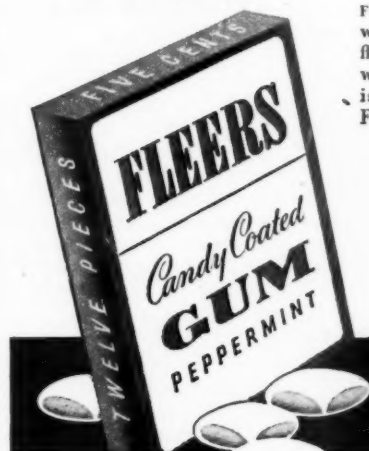
A Paramount Picture

The dates I like to remember are the ones where everybody had a good time. Where nobody told any jokes that reflected on any race or religion. Where nobody acted snooty because he or she had more money, nicer clothes, or a fancier education. It's

silly to be a snob or snide-guy... when *real people* have so much more fun!

Fleer knows how much little things can mean... guess that's why they make such good gum.

FLEER'S is that delicious chewing gum with the *super* peppermint flavor. Twelve flawless fleerlets, in a handy green-and-white package, for only five cents. Fleer's is fresh, flavorful, refreshing. Enjoy Fleer's today!



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

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numerable details of production. Unlike most artistic people, Miss Abbott is extremely practical, and has a distinct flair for figures. She takes care of production, while Mr. Rowland handles the business end of the partnership.

One of her offices is a tasteful, carpeted room with cupboards displaying the current line of dolls, which numbers seventy-seven. Once a year each of the regular dolls receives a complete change of costume, and a few more characters are introduced. These originate entirely in the head of Miss Abbott, since she ran out of nursery-rhyme and fairy-tale characters quite some time ago. After that she drew upon other sources. For instance, there is the American Girl series (the Quaker Maid, the Colonial Dame, the Southern Belle, the Western Pioneer Miss). There are dolls representing the four seasons and Dolls of the Day—Monday's child is fair of face, Tuesday's child is full of grace, Wednesday's child is full of woe, etc. The Dolls of the Month series is based on another old poem.

When she ran out of inspirations like these, she had to fall back on her own ingenuity—which for Miss Abbott is no hardship. Now, when she wants a new character, she simply composes a verse and designs a young lady to fit. Take Flossie for instance:

*Flossie came from Dublin town  
With forty frills upon her gown,  
A hundred trunks of linen fine—  
If she'll have me, I'll make her mine.*

Or take Jennie:

*Jennie set a table, spread the butter thin,  
Lay a cup and lay a plate and call the  
neighbors in.*

Or take the case of the extra-light maiden:  
*There was a maiden bright and gay,  
She was so light she blew away.*

*The prince pursued her, so they say,  
To find she'd lit in a stack of hay.*

Incidentally, Miss Abbott is soon going to issue a book of these verses.

If anything can account for Miss Abbott's sure touch in the doll realm, she thinks it is her vivid memories of her childhood. "I can still remember," she says, "exactly what I thought and what I wanted as a child." She is still on the young side, by the way.

Her second office is in the workrooms, and this is where she goes to bat with the problem of making what she has designed. She plans every one of the dozens of steps by which 5,000 pallid little dolls emerge every day with lovely complexions and swanky wardrobes packed to go places.

The phase of her business which Miss Abbott likes least is the public contact side, which becomes harder and harder to avoid as she and her dolls grow in fame. One would never guess from her friendly, composed manner, however, that meeting strangers is a trial for her. And when the ice is broken she is delightful company, with a sharp sense of humor.

When she goes to New York to attend an event such as the Toy Fair, she regards the trip as a chore, since she hates to travel. In New York, she tends to fade out whenever opportunity offers, leaving the company representative to deal with the public. She recoils from the mere thought of making a speech. She has, however, been the guest on several radio programs, and on occasion has appeared at stores to meet the little girls who buy her dolls. She thoroughly enjoys the

young crowd, and also delights in the steady stream of letters she receives from them. Every letter is answered.

She laughs as she recalls one in particular. "This little girl sent us her doll for repairs, and thinking to do her a special favor, we sent her a new doll instead. Was she pleased? I should say not! She sent us a scorching letter, saying no other doll could take the place of her own Jill. We had quite a time convincing her that the new doll was really the same Jill at heart."

When she is not functioning as a designer, rhymester, mathematician, or production engineer, she is to be found at home, working in her garden. She raises flowers with the same fervor she makes dolls. Her Saturdays and Sundays are devoted to her gladioli, roses, camellias, begonias, and particularly to her orchids, which are her latest love. She collects French antiques, and is bringing up three Pekingese dogs. And feeling that she still had time to spare, she recently began taking piano lessons.

Her home is in St. Francis Woods, one of the most exclusive sections of San Francisco. Recently Miss Abbott built a brick wall on her property. She wanted a wall, and since workmen are so hard to get, she went ahead and made it with her own hands.

"When I was a child," she smiles, "I read a story in a Sunday-school paper about a Know-How Girl. Whenever this girl didn't have a thing, she made it herself. She was always willing to try things. That story made a big impression on me."

Whether or not this story was responsible, events have definitely proved that Nancy Ann Abbott is a Know-How Girl herself.

THE END





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by **JOAN HAGER**

Decoration by **CLARE McCANNA**

**I**T ISN'T the long dress alone that makes a formal dance date different from dancing in the gym. Part of the glamour is the corsage, lying damp and cool and fragrant in its nest of waxed paper. Whether you wear it on the shoulder of a frothy formal at a dancing party, to a football game on the lapel of your tailored tweed coat, or tucked in your hair, it is the corsage which spices the occasion with that extra touch of luxury.

You can add this gay bit of festivity to each and every one of your special dates this summer. Oh, I know your allowance simply can't be stretched to cover even a tired-looking rosebud, and the man in your life limits his corsage-giving to once or twice a year at best. So what—why not make your own? Hard? About as hard as falling for that new senior in Geometry II.

All you need to turn out a stunning corsage with a really professional touch are a pair of scissors, some thin florists' wire, a roll of parafilm (which is nothing more than waxed crepe paper) and flowers from your own or a neighbor's garden. Nearly any type of flower in your garden, if artistically handled, can be fashioned into a charming bouquet. Massed azalea blooms, which look like baby orchids, make especially attractive corsages, also pansies, violets, carnations, and daisies.

Flowers for corsages should be placed in water a good hour before using. But never put them in the refrigerator—the shock of the change, when they are brought out into a warm room, causes them to wilt much faster. Keep the picked blooms in water in a cool place, and don't make them up until the last minute.

The secret of a dainty corsage is to do away with as much green and stem as possible, and to combine flowers that have a natural affinity for one another.

Watch your colors and try to make a picture with the flowers of your corsage, just as you would with paints and brush.

After you learn a few professional tricks of the trade you will find the mechanical part of putting your corsage together a breeze. Taking just one bloom at a time, draw a piece of your florists' wire through the base of the flower itself, and let two equal ends hang down each side. Then wind the two ends of the wire down the length of the stem. This stiffens the stem and makes a firm foundation.

To give a smooth, professional finish, always cover the stem and wire by wrapping with parafilm. You may either buy this at a florist's or make your own by cutting strips of tinfoil or crepe paper into half-inch lengths. When wrapping the stems, pull down with a firm, even pressure so as to make a neat, smooth surface, but be careful not to tear the parafilm. Use green parafilm for colored flowers and white for your white blooms.

After you have wired each flower separately you are ready to put a cluster of wrapped blooms together, arranging the lighter colors at the base and working up to the darker shades. Then, wind the whole grouping with extra parafilm, bending the wired stems where necessary, following the natural forms of the blossoms. To finish off the bottom, wire two or three smaller blooms and place them at the base of the stems of the other flowers.

Use six-inch squares of ribbon or net, or wide leaves, to face the back of your corsage. This protects both the flowers and your dress, and makes a nice background for the picture you are creating. Crease your square of ribbon in the center, push two ends of a short piece of wire through the middle of the crease, and fasten it to the center of your corsage



at the back. For your bow, make six or seven loops of narrow ribbon and wire them securely through the middle. Fluff out the bow and fasten between the main body of your corsage and the flowers at the base.

Remember, ribbon is to your corsage what jewelry is to a costume. Use it sparingly, and be sure the color matches the flowers. You are supposed to see the blossoms first; the ribbon or other decorations are only incidental trimmings, to hide wires and stems.

Some flowers, such as pansies, do not have a base through which you can put your wire, so it must be pushed up through the flower itself, bent back, and blended inconspicuously with the stem.

If you have to use a flower with a broken stem, don't worry. False stems can be made by putting the wire through the base of the flower, making a loop, and winding the two strands of wire together.

One of the most beautiful and easily obtained flowers is the iris. Often called the "poor man's orchid," these lovely flowers can be fashioned into an artistic corsage that will make you feel like a pampered heiress. Never leave any unopened buds on an iris corsage, for they will make the effect stiff, heavy, and awkward. Always keep the arrangement delicate, using about three iris and placing them carefully. If necessary, pull off a petal or two.

**T**ULIPS are another flower that is definitely smart. Choose perfect blooms and open the bottom petals downward until the flower is flat. Arrange two or three tulips in a downward pattern, wiring and wrapping them carefully. When you wire tulips, remember they need extra firmness.

To find out if the flowers you wish to use will last for any length of time in a corsage, take one of the blooms and put it on the window sill for an hour or two. If it holds its shape and color, it will probably survive an evening of dancing or the movies.

Try wearing your corsage with the blooms looking up into your face instead of hanging down dejectedly. If the ribbon is on top and the flowers hanging down, it's really upside down. Flowers grow with their heads up, so why wear them upside down, concealing much of their color and beauty? Remember, the flowers—not the ribbon—are the most important part of a corsage.

It's fun to wear something special for a hair ornament, and a clever girl can make these adornments from flowers. Using such flowers as pansies, small roses, or lilies of the valley, cluster about three of the blooms together, wiring them securely. When you have about seven or eight clusters, arrange them in a curving line and, starting with the first cluster, run a wire through the rest of the flowers, following the contour of your head. You might intersperse your clusters with other small flowers of contrasting colors. The clusters may also be fastened to wide ribbons, or wired to bobby pins or combs.

Next time you want to feel specially gay, or give an occasion an extra cachet of luxury and festiveness, make yourself a corsage, or a flower ornament for your hair, and watch the crowd goggle at your cleverness.

THE END

#### A CORRECTION

How sharp were your musical wits when you took the "Spotlight" Bandmaster's Quiz in the May issue? Did you notice an error in the answer to question 8? It should have read, Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat.

The American Girl



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# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



**Sweet Sweaters:** This is one way of keeping them that way! Wash them clean and put them on a sweater dryer. There's a new one that adjusts to the right size without any screws or tools. You pull to extend sleeve or waist the size you want, and the sweater is held in place by built-in tension springs. The base has rust-proof pins that hold the damp sweater in position until it dries.

**Warm While You Wait:** A wonderful item for summer cottages and beach houses is an immersion water heater. All you do is plug it into an electric outlet and put the heater unit into your bowl, pan, or tub of cold water. Presto—with a little patience—enough hot water for a cleanup of yourself or the dishes.



**For Bath Readers:** Or those who like to luxuriate in the tub, there are bath pillows made of plastic. They look like flat pillow-cases, and you can blow them up as far as you like. Two suction cups hold the pillow to the tub.



**Educational Fun:** This is a new toy—the kind that Dad starts to show your kid brother how to play with, and ends by playing with himself. It consists of seven basic shapes, each in a bright color. Each piece has a hole through the center, and the edges are slotted. Your job is to put them together, either by matching the slots or using a piece of linking tube. Result is a doll, a wagon, a giraffe, a dump truck—or anything else you can concoct with the basic materials.



**Slow and Easy:** For good soups and pot roasts the best kind of heat is slow and even, like the back of Grandma's coal stove. How can you manage that on a gas stove? Well, there's a new gadget—a plate which is said to give you just the right amount of heat if you put it over a low fire. Very good house present for Mother or when you're week-ending.

**Window Washer:** Aid to spring cleaning is this latest window washer, which combines a felt wick for the washing and an aluminum tank that you fill with water, which keeps the washer moist throughout the job. On the other edge is the glass drier, which wipes off the water, and the result is a beautifully cleaned, professionally washed window.



**Stocking Safety:** If you have nylons, a non-scratch stocking rack is very useful; and if you haven't nylons the stockings you do own are all the more precious. This rack is made of plastic and has six arms—each curved at the end, so that your stockings won't fall off—on which they can't catch and tear.

**Show Your Soldier:** That member of the family now reappearing in civilian life might like an honorable discharge emblem for license plates, made of chrome-yellow baked enamel over a blue background. It's nearly six inches in diameter.



**Plastic Babushka:** Latest hair covering for rain or shine are plastic babushkas, colored and patterned, and edged in plastic strips of contrasting colors. You can buy the material and make your own, or look around and find one ready-made. If they're not in the stores yet, never mind, they soon will be.

**Lazy Duster:** We have scrubbing brushes on the ends of sticks, and mops that you don't have to bend to use—and now a dustpan on wheels! It has a rolling brush that sweeps the floor debris right into the bin.



If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Sophisticated Miss

(Continued from page 13)

door. He was at least six feet tall, and at a distance he looked well in his Air Corps uniform—who wouldn't? But his face might be positively droopy!

"I hope he thinks I'm absolutely worldly," she thought, "especially when I walk slowly and gracefully down the aisle."

"Please, Gail, not like a young horse making for the stable!" Marge had pleaded at the rehearsal.

"As if she's the only one who knows how to walk down an aisle," Gail had mumbled to herself. But the rehearsal had been fun—playing at being the bride and actually being the maid of honor had certainly made life exciting the past couple of weeks.

Then there was no more time for planning and thinking. The cars had arrived!

Mommy, very lovely in her turquoise blue gown, fluttered about. Dad, looking like a diplomat in morning coat and striped pants, took Marge in tow, to help her to the car. And Marge! Well, there just were no words to describe her. Gail couldn't believe it was her own sister, whom she'd seen practically every single day of her life. Marge looked like a dream come true in a cloud of white, with her eyes shining, and a ghost of a smile playing about her lips, and the bridesmaids in yellow, all talking and laughing at once, surrounding her. At that moment Gail felt terribly lonely. For the first time since she could remember, no one was paying any attention to her. But she shook off the feeling quickly and joined Marge and Dad as they started out to the car.

The ride to the church was a blur of laughing, nervous chatter. Gail peeked out the back window now and then to see if the other cars were still with them, and out the side windows to see the stir they made.

THEN they were at the church—and ready to start the procession. On Ted Martin's arm, Mom went down the aisle to sit in the left front pew and smile across at Denny's parents, sitting on the other side.

The bridesmaids started slowly forward. Now it was Gail's turn, and suddenly she found that her hands, clinging nervously to her old-fashioned bouquet, were wet, and that she was trembling. She steadied herself, and with her head high, began to walk slowly, gracefully, toward the altar, where the bridesmaids were beginning to form a half circle of yellow figures. Then her eye caught the two uniformed figures—Denny, so straight and serious, and his best man. His best man! She had forgotten him in the excitement of the last few minutes! In one quick glance she noted wavy blond hair and blue eyes, with a definite twinkle in them.

Then there was a murmur through the church, and Gail knew that Marge and Dad had started down behind her. When she came abreast of the first pew she glanced at Mommy and smiled, and Mom smiled back through her tears. Denny's mother, too, had tears in her eyes.

"For Pete's sake, the two of them were delirious with joy when Marge finally decided to marry Denny! What have they to cry about now?" Gail wondered disgustedly.

As she reached the altar and took her place, the best man smiled at her. She couldn't think why, but he reminded her of someone. He was certainly handsome, in any



case. "We'll probably look super together!" she thought happily.

Then it was time to help Marge lift her veil . . . and some of the ceremony was lost on Gail because she was thinking how lovely Marge looked, and how handsome the best man was.

She heard Marge's quiet "I do." Denny had to clear his throat before he could respond. Then the minister's voice went on about patterning their life like a symphony . . . "Just as great music is played in harmony, so must your two lives be directed."

"Golly," Gail sighed to herself, "that's beautiful!" And at that moment she realized that the ceremony was over, and there were tears in her own eyes!

Then Denny was kissing Marge, and everyone was smiling and happy. Almost without realizing how it happened, she found that the whole wedding party were at the back of the church, and people were coming from everywhere to shake hands with Dad and Denny, and to kiss Mommy and Marge—all talking at once. Denny and Marge just kept looking at each other and smiling as though they couldn't stop. Quite suddenly Gail found herself a little away from the receiving line, with the best man still holding her arm and smiling down at her in a way that made her feel as though a feather were caught somewhere in her stomach.

"Hello, Gail," he said. "You don't look as though you remembered me."

"Remember you?" she gasped. "You do look terribly familiar. I kept thinking that you did look very—uh, very—familiar, but—"

"I see." And he grinned, showing a perfect toothpaste-ad set of teeth. "I wonder if I ought to keep you guessing for a while?"

"Come on, give me a hint," Gail urged.

"Well, you and I were great friends a long time ago. You used to be quite a help to me sometimes. You'd even let me tie you to a stake and leave you to die."

"Buddy!" Gail burst out. "You couldn't be!"

"I sure could be," he smiled. "For a minute there, I thought you'd forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you? Never, you brute! But why didn't Denny tell me?"

"We thought it would be fun to surprise you."

"But you've changed," Gail murmured.

"And so have you!" he said, as his glance took her in from head to toe. They both laughed, because evidently neither had expected the other to grow up. Gail was glad that she was wearing such a lovely gown and really looking grown up. Buddy knew exactly how old she was—but at least he might think her quite sophisticated for her age!

Then he was talking, and she couldn't believe her ears. "Look," he was saying, "after Marge and Denny leave, how'd you like to dive into a sweater and skirt and take a walk around town? I'd like to see the old spots."

"A sweater and skirt?" she asked, as though she hadn't heard correctly.

"Sure. You wouldn't want to be bothered with that long dress, would you?"

This was too much. Imagine a man who didn't care for a sophisticated woman—a man who actually requested a woman to wear a sweater and skirt. Gail began to think how perfectly wonderful it was going to be to get out of those high-heeled shoes.

"Oh, heavens, no!" she said gaily. "I wouldn't think of wearing a long dress when I can possibly get out of it. You think I'm one of those sophisticated girls or something?"

THE END

The American Girl



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# BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

**H**ERE WE ARE in that "what-is-so-rare" month which the song writers rhyme with moon and tune and spoon and croon. But you're probably up to your ears in reviewing for regents or final exams, and leisure has a slightly unreal sound. Cheer up, though, for very soon now there'll come a day when you can relax and look about you with an unharassed eye. For that happy moment we are bringing you news of some books you probably won't want to miss.

**The Story of Gertie.** Rinehart & Company. \$1.00. This is the saga, in words and pictures, of Gertie, the wild duck, who became famous through raising a family on top of a piling on the Wisconsin Avenue Bridge in Milwaukee, the busiest spot in Wisconsin. Mallard ducks are congenitally shy, especially when raising a family—but not Gertie, who seemed to delight in her audience. Gertie and her family plans were first known only to the bridegroom, but word soon got around and the bridge rail was lined with spectators. The Milwaukee "Journal" sometimes had three photographers at a time snapping Gertie and her audience. The city flushed out the Milwaukee River so that the ducklings would have a clean front yard in which to swim. A contractor who was supposed to replace the piles put off the job so as not to disturb the nest. When a few of the onlookers tossed coins, pebbles, and burned matches down on Gertie, the bridegroom was given power to arrest anyone who molested the famous duck; police were instructed to keep careful watch and the Humane Society stationed one of its representatives on the bridge. Ornithologists—birdmen to me—all over the country got excited about a mallard duck which was raising a family under millions of human eyes. Everybody was upset when Black Bill, the first duckling to hatch, fell out of the nest and was carried away by the rush of fresh water, and everybody breathed a sigh of relief when the bad boy was rescued. When all the ducklings were hatched, Gertie and her family were taken to Milwaukee's Juneau Park, and it was found that this urban mallard mother wore a band which had been put on in that same park in 1942. Gertie has a soft spot in her heart for Milwaukee.

**Miss Emily.** By JEAN GOULD. Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2.50. If you have pictured Emily Dickinson as a pale, shut-away-from-the-world poetess, floating around in a white dress in the ivory tower of her Amherst home, this book will surprise you. For the young Emily pictured here is anything but languishing. She is daring and gay, full of fun and lively spirits, mimicking her staid, unbending father, and encouraging and sharing his one weakness—his passion for racing fast horses. It is Emily who blithely invites the Poetry of Motion Society (a digni-

fied name for the frowned-upon pastime of dancing) to a party in the stately drawing room of the Dickinson mansion while her conservative parents are away, and it is Emily who has the most partners, thoroughly enjoying herself and dancing till her feet ache. Her gay charm and ready wit make her the center of attraction with both old and young everywhere, and she is the belle of the season in Washington when she visits there while her father is Senator from Massachusetts. But from her childhood days at Amherst Academy through several terms at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, down underneath her laughter and gaiety Emily Dickinson cherishes a great ambition, of which only her nearest and dearest have any inkling. Finally she withdraws from society to devote herself entirely to this ambition—setting down her life thoughts in the music of her poetry, which the world was not to see until after her death.

**Sinbad of the Coast Guard.** By GEORGE F. FOLEY, JR. Dodd Mead & Company, \$2.50. Bursting with love and pride, a fellow member of the Coast Guard tells here the true story of the adventures of the famous seagoing dog Sinbad, mascot of the Coast Guard cutter *Campbell*. You can't help loving Sinbad, with his doggy propensity for getting into trouble, his loyalty to the enlisted men, his pride in his ship, and his love for the sea. Chief Foley makes you feel that you are part of the admiring crew, too, as you learn the jargon and lead the adventurous life of an enlisted man on the *Campbell*, from peacetime patrols to the exciting days when the plucky Sinbad did so much to help the men bring the cutter safely through its thrilling battle with a Nazi wolf pack in the Atlantic. Sinbad is known the world over; and his exploits—he nearly caused an international incident in Greenland and he had a high old time in a Sultan's palace in Africa—have become a proud legend of the Coast Guard. Love dogs and the sea? Here's a treat for you.

**Stuart Little.** By E. B. WHITE. Harper Brothers, \$2.00. This is a book which will delight all ages, though perhaps older readers will enjoy it most. Stuart, the Frederick C. Little's second son, was only two inches high and looked exactly like a mouse, but he was a jaunty little creature, with a pleasing personality and a philosophical outlook on life. Stuart's small size came in very handy around the house and didn't prevent him from getting about, either, for he rode the Fifth Avenue bus, and won an exciting and hazardous race as skipper of a toy sailboat in Central Park. But there was danger in his smallness, too, for he had a most distressing experience when he was rolled up in the window shade, and he was rescued in the nick of time from a garbage scow at sea by his beloved friend, the beau-

tiful bird Margalo. It is in search of Margalo that Stuart sets out on an epic journey, traveling northward in his own little car and continuing his adventures—teaching school for a memorable session in his own original way, and indulging in a tender romance. If you are in the mood for a bit of original and humorous fantasy, you'll enjoy Stuart Little.

**The Ghost Town Mystery.** By ETHEL T. WOLVERTON. Howell, Soskin, \$2.00. Do you dote on mystery, suspense, thrills? Then you'll be glad to know about the Junior Mystery League which Howell, Soskin are inaugurating this spring with the avowed purpose of providing young people with well-written, well-thought-out mysteries. This is one of the three with which the list begins. Beverly Bamford felt that it was something more than just the healing of her father's broken leg which took her parents to a ghost town in New Mexico, leaving her to earn her board and keep in the home of her greataunt, Phoebe Flint, who seemed as hard as her name. Beverly felt there must be something more than her sudden, unexplained poverty that caused the changed attitude of all her friends except Diana, the heiress granddaughter of the family doctor. Beverly was lonely and heart sick, and it was only her determination to find out what was back of the mystery, apparently centering around her father's position as chemistry instructor at the college founded by her grandfather, which kept her going. Diana's loving sympathy helped, but the riddle was not solved until the two girls had driven out to New Mexico and staved off real danger by their daring behavior in the deserted ghost town.

**Stampography.** By ROBERT V. MASTERS. The Printed Arts Co., \$3.00. Perhaps you are casting an eye about in search of a new hobby. Here is one that stretches out to include all the countries of the earth, from the tiniest duchy to the greatest empire. Nations commemorate in stamps the things they are proud of, and in studying, collecting, exchanging stamps, you can't help learning a good deal about the history, geography, principal products, arts, and ideals of other countries. It is a grand exercise in International Friendship, and many famous men, including Franklin Delano Roosevelt and King George of England, have shared the enthusiasm of the stamp collector. This album helps a beginner off to a royal start, with a packet of stamps and hinges on the flyleaf. Then it presents interesting sketches of the geography and history of the countries of the world, with photographs, maps, and full-color crayon studies. Two hundred and fifty commemorative stamps have been carefully selected to illustrate the issues of the various countries. There are pages for mounting stamps with directions on how to use the mounting hinges. Here's a possible introduction to a fascinating, lifelong hobby.

The first book issued by THE JUNIOR HERITAGE CLUB is now ready. It is a beautiful edition of Kenneth Grahame's modern classic, *THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS*, with illustrations in full color by the famous English artist, Arthur Rackham.

# Meet Mr. Mole!

*{as if you didn't know him already}*



THE STORY of Mole, Rat, Toad and Badger—those four devoted friends and their enchanting river bank community—has endeared itself to many a child who is now a man or woman. President Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt practically raised their children on it. Mr. A. A. Milne says in his Foreword to this edition: "It is a Household Book; a book which everybody in the household loves, and quotes continually; a book which is read aloud to every new guest and is regarded as the touchstone of his worth."

Kenneth Grahame always wanted to have Arthur Rackham illustrate it, but he did not live to see the project through. Mr. Rackham himself lived only long enough to complete this labor of love, which he undertook at our request. Now it stands, a monument to the greatest of modern English illustrators—with its twelve beautifully executed water-colors and fourteen line drawings.

If you have never read *THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS*, do so. You will put it on that small shelf of beloved fantasies, of which *Alice in Wonderland* is the perfect example.

The Junior Heritage Club was formed in order to bring to modern children books like these, in especially fine editions, at a very modest cost. The books are the great works of literature which form part of our cultural heritage: like *Alice*, *Treasure Island*, *Aesop's Fables*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Tom Sawyer*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*—and many, many more, but only those books which can be counted as authentic classics. They are illustrated by the most famous of modern artists: men like Edward A. Wilson, Reginald Birch, Norman Rockwell, John Austen. They are printed in good type on the best papers available; they are sturdily



bound, so that they will be a joy to the child who owns them for many, many years.

If your parents have ever had to pay \$2.00, \$2.50 or more for hastily-got-together children's books of only passing value, they will be delighted to know that the publications of The Junior Heritage Club will cost only \$1.75 for each book that is sent to the members. And you will be delighted by the fact that through The Junior Heritage Club you are being enabled to build, regularly, month by month, your own personal library of volumes that are worth owning permanently.

Tell your parents (or your favorite Uncle) to mail the coupon at the right, now! You will at once receive the illustrated Prospectus which tells all about the Membership Plan, and describes the books fully. And a Charter Membership will be held open for you until you have had time to see the Prospectus and decided whether or not you want to join this exciting new Club.



## Reservation of Charter Membership

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595 Madison Ave., New York 22

PLEASE RESERVE a Charter Membership in The Junior Heritage Club for

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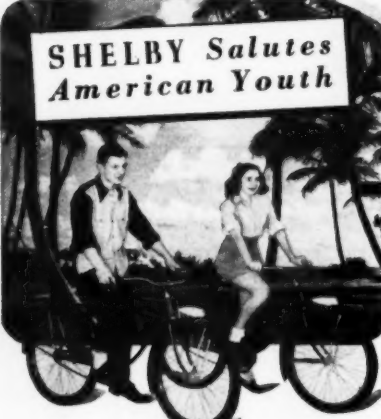
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**RICHARDSON**  
**ROOT BEER**  
"it's so flavorful"

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- Healthful
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**SHELBY Salutes American Youth**



**K**ids everywhere salute Shelby—the safe bike with the smooth, fast ride. And Shelby salutes you! Watch future ads for names and pictures of outstanding boys and girls. (You might know some of 'em personally!) What fun they can have, and the places they can go, on their sturdy, super-looking 1946 Shelys! Write for colorful, illustrated folder to The Shelby Cycle Company, Shelby, Ohio.



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"America's Quality Bicycle"

# OFF THE RECORDS

Record stuff about singers, baton wavers, music matter, platter chatter. . . .

by **JOEY SASSO**

**I**T'S A SAFE BET that you'd be thrilled and excited at the opportunity of seeing a radio station from the inside, and singing before a mike which would carry your voice from coast to coast. Twenty-five Girl Scouts had this experience recently when they appeared on Johnny Desmond's "Teentimers" program. Over a coast-to-coast network the girls sang a marching song, especially written for them by Johnny himself. The famous Duke Ellington, who was a guest on the program, accompanied them on the piano. Desmond, unfortunately, could not be on hand for the debut of his new composition. He was confined to his bed with the flu and had to listen over the radio—even as you and I.

How would you like to be part of a girl quartette singing with Vaughn Monroe's orchestra? That happy lot has fallen to four coeds from North Texas State College. A talent scout heard the girls sing at a college dance and was so impressed with their harmonizing that he had them make a record for Vaughn. Within a week, Tinker Cunningham, Mary Jo Thomas, Arlene Truax, and Kathryn Wyatt were on a plane bound for New York and a career. Monroe, the baritone baton wielder, whose Victor album "On the Moonbeam" has been a best seller for the past few months, named his new quartette "The Moonbeams."

Ironically, the one night the always-on-the-job Perry Como was sick and missed his "Supper Club" broadcast was the very evening the program was cited for an award by "Billboard" magazine. And like Johnny Desmond, it was over his bedside radio that Perry heard for the first time that the show on which he stars had been selected by radio editors throughout the country as the best fifteen-minute program on the air, and that he himself had been voted second place among male singers of popular music.

Count Basie's "Mad Boogie" (Columbia) which followed his famous "Basie Boogie" and "Red Bank Boogie" has already passed the 100,000 mark in sales . . . Billy Eckstine's latest waxing pairs the new ballad hit "Blue" with "Second Balcony Jump" . . . "Walk 'Em Rhythm," Buddy Johnson's recording of his original theme, "If You Never Return," backed by "They All Say I'm the Biggest Fool," was released recently by Decca . . . Jimmy Lunceford's latest Decca recording is a reissue of his grooving of "Easy Street."

## RECORD SESSIONS (Popular)

**Where Did You Learn To Love? . . . Come Rain Or Come Shine . . .** Tommy Dorsey . . . Victor . . . "The Sentimental Gentleman of Swing," Tommy Dorsey, has turned out another easy-to-listen-to coupling on this disk.

The first side bids fair to be a hit. Tommy's trombone is featured in this query about love, with the band rounding out some rich harmonies and Stuart Foster's baritone and the Sentimentalists blending in the chorus.

**All Through the Day . . . In Love In Vain . . .** Margaret Whiting . . . Capitol . . . Margaret Whiting made a big success with her last recording, "It Might As Well Be Spring." Here she chooses two beautiful ballads from the 20th-Century Fox picture, "Centennial Summer." The musical score of this picture was the last from the pen of the beloved Jerome Kern. These two songs promise to appeal to a wide audience and, like most of Jerome Kern's music, to live for a long time. Miss Whiting does them full justice.

**Tierra Va Tembla (The Earth Will Tremble) . . . Rumba Rumba . . .** Xavier Cugat . . . Columbia . . . This latest release by Cugat, "King of the Rumba," invites shoulders to shake and feet to dance. The first is a Latin arrangement featuring Xavier's singing star, Del Campo, and the Boyd Triplets. The plattermate again spotlights Del Campo, but this time with the entire ensemble giving him vocal support in typical Cugat fashion. Conga drums beat the rhythm of the rumba, the dance that this conductor helped to make popular.

**Seems Like Old Times . . . Geel I Wish . . .** Vaughn Monroe . . . Victor . . . Vaughn Monroe's Victor records have usually been hits. These two releases are cut in the familiar, gently rocking style that has brought this band leader so much popularity. Both have a topical twist in the lyrics and an easy, danceable rhythm that is typically Vaughn Monroe. The first side swings along at a swift pace, with Monroe and the Norton Sisters harmonizing on the lyrics. Smooth orchestrations on the other side brings out the instrumental richness of the Monroe band. Muted trumpets enliven the musical background as Vaughn and the Norton Sisters sing about the yearning of a G.I.

**We'll Gather Lilacs . . . Gimme a Little Kiss . . .** Gene Krupa . . . Columbia . . . Gene's latest coupling contrasts the rhythm of a slow ballad with a novelty tune. The first is a sentimental new song which provides an excellent medium for Buddy Stewart's baritone voice. Krupa's band, featuring Charlie Ventura on the tenor sax, plays the accompaniment. The reverse is an old tune, brought back in modern dress with Gene's new vocalist, Carolyn Grey, aided by Buddy Stewart, doing fine work on the lyrics.

## CLASSICAL

**Grofé: "Grand Canyon Suite"** Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra . . . Victor Album. One of the few compositions

by an American that Arturo Toscanini has ever recorded is Ferde Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite," which the maestro has played twice on the air with the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Paul Whiteman, erstwhile "King of Jazz," discovered Grofé in San Francisco in 1919. He was first widely acclaimed when he orchestrated the late George Gershwin's famous "Rhapsody In Blue." Subsequently his own compositions, including "Mississippi Suite" and "Symphony In Steel," attracted a large following. His most familiar composition is the third movement from the "Grand Canyon Suite," subtitled "On the Trail." The other four movements are "Sunrise," "Painted Desert," "Sunset," and, by way of a crashing climax, "Cloudburst." Arturo Toscanini's performance of this contemporary classic has the 54-year-old California composer's enthusiastic approval. Grofé flew East to attend rehearsals, as well as the first Toscanini radio performance on February 7th, 1943. Afterward he went backstage to thank the maestro for conducting his music with the same careful attention and artistry the famous conductor lavishes on the German and Italian classics.

Music of **Tchaikovsky**: Andre Kostelanetz conducting the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra of Philadelphia . . . Columbia Album. This great composer has become very popular with the general public, and Andre Kostelanetz has won acclaim among present-day conductors for his fine performances of the world's immortal melodies. Now Tchaikovsky and Kostelanetz are brought together in this Columbia album, in which the conductor directs the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra in six favorite works by the composer, including an orchestral arrangement of None But the Lonely Heart; the waltz from the ballet, The Sleeping Beauty; Andante Cantabile, from the Quartet No. 1 in D Major; Melodie in E-Flat Major; Barcarolle (June) from The Months; and Waltz of the Flowers, from the Nutcracker Suite.

**Romberg**: "The Desert Song"—Excerpts . . . Dennis Morgan, tenor, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Edgar Roemheld . . . Columbia Album . . . An extra-special treat is in store for the thousands of this singer's fans throughout the country. Morgan came to Hollywood with a varied background as both singer and actor, but he had a hard time persuading the studio executives to let him sing. When finally he did appear in a singing role—in Warner Brothers' film version of The Desert Song—he made such a hit that he has been singing ever since. In his first Columbia album Dennis Morgan interprets four Romberg hits from The Desert Song—The Desert Song, One Flower Grows Alone In Your Garden, One Alone, and the Riff Song.

**Beethoven**: "Abscheulicher, Wo Eilst Du Hin?" (Thou Monstrous Fiend) from Act I of "Fidelio," Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Rose Bampton, soprano . . . Victor . . . One of the most exciting scenes in any opera is this great aria in which the heroine, Leonore, pours out her hatred for Pizarro, the governor of the prison, who is holding Florestan, her husband, captive. The aria has been recorded by any number of artists—Kirsten Flagstad, Lotte Lehmann, Rose Pauly, Elizabeth Ohme, and others—and this fine performance by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, with Rose Bampton of the Metropolitan Opera as the soprano soloist, is a worthy addition to the group.

THE END

## TRUE OR FALSE?

**Most girls have a backache on "certain days" of the month!**

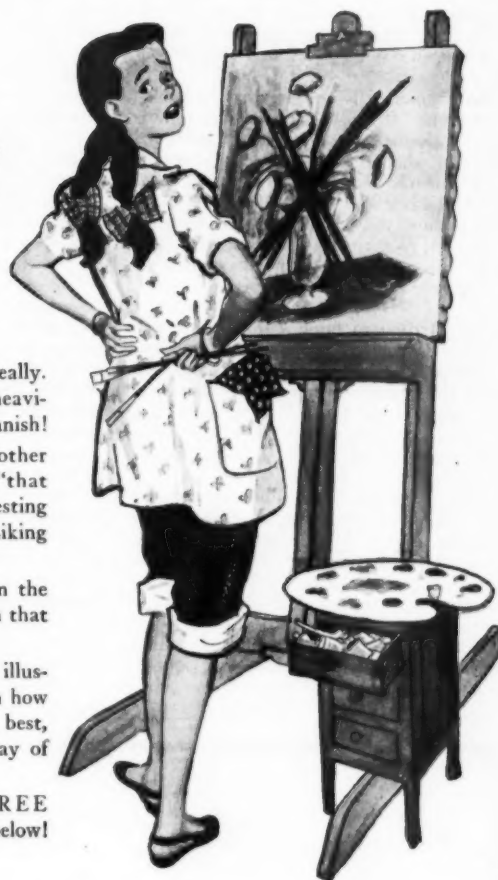
**FALSE.** It isn't a backache, really. Doctors say it's just a sort of heaviness, natural at this time. It'll vanish!

The reason for this and other "signs" you may notice at "that time" is explained in the interesting pages of—"Growing Up and Liking It."

The bright, new booklet on the how and why of menstruation that every smart gal should read!

It's just packed with lively illustrations and smooth tricks on how to look your best, act your best, and feel your best—every day of the month!

Modess will send you a **FREE** copy—if you mail the coupon below!



## TRUE OR FALSE?

**A gal can't be sure of daintiness on "certain days"**

'Cause soft, safe Modess helps keep you flower-dainty! Try it!

You *know* that's false—if you *know* Modess! The new luxury napkin with the triple-proved deodorant.

**MODESS COMES TWO WAYS:** Full size and Junior size. If you prefer a slightly narrower sanitary napkin, just ask for Modess Junior.



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State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

## The World You Want

(Continued from page 11)

be moved by an overwhelming desire of all peoples to live together peacefully. We think, with former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, that the focus of the problem does not lie in the atom; it resides in the hearts of men.

"Our Council tells no one what to think," he went on. "It insists only that the time is short and the issue urgent. We do not need to tell you what to think. When you realize that a mineral mass no larger than your mother's hatbox can bring you fiery death or destruction, you are already searching for an answer. We trust that yours and ours will be the same; man must make peace—fruitful, just, and everlasting peace."

**B**EHIND Richard hung a giant American flag. Before him, in the ballroom that has echoed with the speeches of kings and princes, presidents and mayors, sat the afternoon session of the Youth Forum, more than two thousand high-school students. Some scribbled notes while he talked. Some nudged one another when he made a point with which they agreed. Twice they interrupted him to applaud his demands that atomic energy be used to bring a new era of production, leisure, and peace—not the kind of war "which promises survivors that they may live without civilization, as soulless beasts."

The boys and girls at the Forum clapped loud and long when Richard finished telling them that they must—like his Youth Council—try to find out all they can about the prob-

lem of controlling atomic energy for peace, and must think about it, talk about it—yes, even stew about it. "Upon your answer—to how atomic energy is used—rests man's fate," he concluded. No, there was no doubt about where the audience stood on the atomic bomb question.

There was one controversy though, in this discussion of "The World We Want." It was about how peace, and thus peaceful use of atomic energy, could best be reached, and it waxed furiously between the leaders of two strong organizations of young people over the question of which it was wisest for youth to support: the United Nations organization or world government.

Harris L. Wofford, Jr., a young man of twenty whose first book, "It's Up to Us," is coming out this spring, led the verbal battle for world government. Three years ago—with a few other sophomores interested in world government, a mimeograph machine, and a bicycle—Harris founded the Student Federalists in Scarsdale, New York. The group grew fast, and today the Student Federalists are several thousand strong. They're accredited to the United Nations, have a national headquarters in New York City, and are spurred onward continually by the thought that had not the Federalists of America's early history—men like George Washington and Alexander Hamilton—banded together, there might not have been a United States of America today.

Harris, a smiling, easy speaker, explained that the Federalists are not battling against the United Nations organization, but are just impatient to see it get on toward the ideal goal of world government. He explained that they're working in hopes that the UN may

be strengthened—strengthened to control the use of atomic energy, strengthened with a world Bill of Rights, strengthened with control of all colonies so that imperialism in all its forms might become a thing of the past. Then, Harris said, the United States delegate could rise on the floor of the UN assembly and call for a world constitution.

As it is now, he added, the United Nations is simply "a council of ambassadors" instead of an assembly of world representatives, elected directly by the peoples of the world, with control over world money, world trade, and world communications, just as our Federal government has control over all dollars, and interstate and foreign commerce, while the States run their own State business.

It was handsome Stephen Schwebel who represented the other side of this controversy. "We of the United Nations Youth," he said, "are thinking in realities, and we believe that the immediate task is to work, with the tools we have, to make the United Nations succeed." Stephen said he agreed that there was simply no alternative to world government as a preserver of peace. But, he added, it was the long-range answer and it had to grow out of a world community and simply couldn't be created by law.

**S**TEPHEN knew his subject well, too, for he's worked with the United Nations since the day it was born as a dream. He attended the meetings in San Francisco when the charter was drawn up. He was there, with other members of his group, in New York when the Security Council opened its meetings. And he's president of the United Nations Youth, an international organization which is playing a proud and helpful role in

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5¢



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promoting understanding among young people of the world. They, like the Student Federalists, look toward the day when the United Nations is indeed a closely adhesive, functioning government like the United States, but they have their fingers squarely on the pulse beat of the present.

"The Federalists," Stephen said, "would do better to turn their idealism toward real, rather than imaginary, aims. . . . The United Nations, and the promoting of its evolution into a true world community, represent our only hope for enduring peace. We of the United Nations Youth believe that unless the United Nations succeeds in laying the groundwork of a tangible global fraternity, world government will still be a myth a thousand years from now."

Stephen was greeted with ringing applause. It was hard to tell who won the argument—but it was not hard to tell what the students thought about discussing vs. fighting. They were one hundred per cent for working out the problems of the world peacefully, over the table, in a brotherhood of peoples willing to practice give and take and the Golden Rule.

But it wasn't only boy teen-agers who stepped up to the mike at this big Forum to voice their opinions of the world they want. There were girls, too.

Cushing Niles was one—a brunette with a long bob and winning smile, a girl whose hobbies are music and photography. She came to the Forum from Washington on the invitation of Helen Hiatt, attractive, vibrant director of the Forum, who—in the early months of the war—was a radio war correspondent in Europe. Miss Hiatt described Cushing as the kind of girl who was trying "actively to make her dreams come true—to make the world she wants."

Cushing is nineteen now, but she was only sixteen the day she walked into the office of Senator Joseph Ball of Minnesota, and became so interested she's worked there ever since. Her suggestion for the way to get the world you want was "get into politics." She finds it hard to understand why more of the people who get disgusted about the way the country's being run don't do something about it.

"Even though we can't vote," Cushing said, while photographers snapped her picture, "there are plenty of chances for us to begin if we want to. For instance, we can decide whom we want to support in the coming Congressional elections, and then we can really get to work. The jobs to be done range from stuffing envelopes and licking stamps to going out and ringing doorbells."

SHE added thoughtfully that she got into some pretty hot arguments trying to campaign for her favorite candidates, but that this only added to the fun and excitement she got out of politics. She said stuffing envelopes didn't sound so glamorous as arguing, of course, but that when you did it in a Senator's office, or in the office of a Congressman whom you admire, "it takes on a different color."

Another girl high-school student who had a chance to tell her dreams in the big ballroom was seventeen-year-old Nancy Philips, girl winner in the big public-speaking contest held by the "Herald Tribune" in preparation for the Forum. When she described the "World I Want" in her sweet, friendly voice, she spoke of a free world—free of the Jim Crow rules that make Negroes sit in the back of buses; of club rules like that in the

Daughters of the Revolution, which won't permit Negroes to sing in its hall; and of many other instances of racial discrimination.

"It's a dream and I know it's foolhardy to visualize, at present, a world free from prejudice and racial discrimination," Nancy said, "but somewhere in the future there's an answer. . . . When the world realizes that it must progress as far socially as it has scientifically, my dream world will come true."

Behind Nancy on the platform sat several Negro students. Before her in the audience sat more. In the choir that sang so sweetly during the morning session many Negro voices added to the charm. Colored and white, the students of New York City's public high schools applauded Nancy's dream, and it was heartfelt applause. For discrimination is something these students feel very strongly about.

THE boy winner of the speaking contest was Leonard Polisar, a thin, towheaded lad who intends to enter politics and hopes some day to be elected to the United States Senate. Leonard was no piker when it came to thinking about the world he wanted. He said he wanted a brotherhood of nations, where war was outlawed by an understanding that removed the causes of war, a world where nobody disagreed—where capital and labor got along peacefully, where empires treated colonies fairly and squarely, where bigotry and prejudice were unknown, where education was open to all, with as much as each wanted. The audience was breathless as he piled dream upon dream.

"The world I want," he said, "is a world where every person has the right to the essentials of living without spending all his waking moments eking out a miserable subsistence, and where everyone has the leisure time to develop himself to his fullest capacity."

There was a hushed stillness over the hall, with its vine-trellised balconies, as he finished; even the sprinkling of teachers in the audience gaped open-mouthed at the wonderful world he described. Cynical people might have been tempted to smile a little at Leonard's energy and his dreams of perfection, but not so one friend of youth—Mrs. Roosevelt. For when Mrs. Roosevelt addressed the students she urged them to dream their dreams and remember that every step in progress, every achievement, was once someone's dream.

While the big-time and high-school reporters alike took down her words as fast as they could, Mrs. Roosevelt gave a recipe for getting a line on the world you want, and the major ingredients were imagination, perspective, and courage.

"What you feel and how you do things will have an effect even on your elders. So you have a responsibility already in the community as a whole," the former first lady said. "Be courageous in approaching responsibility. Have imagination about it. Have vision. Never be afraid of wanting to go forward too fast. You'll be slowed up by circumstances, anyway."

"Have your beliefs clearly in mind, and have the courage to live up to them. Have heroes, and follow them, and you'll find that they will be stronger and better because of your trust."

Those were her concluding words—and, without doubt, those are first steps toward getting the world you want.

THE END

# AM I PUZZLED?

By Dr. Harry Langman

In each WORD SQUARE, the words defined read the same down as across.

1	2	3	4	5	6
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					

1. Vagabonds
2. Withdraw
3. Molecular
4. Tropical flowering tree
5. Dungeon
6. Trigonometric ratio

1	2	3	4	5	6
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					

1. Goldlike alloy
2. Harvester
3. Creating
4. Soporific
5. Sparse
6. Imperative

In the small four-square below, build the square from the letters of the following three words: CUE RUBBER ERASERS


Turn to page 48 for the answers

# Choose a playfellow in cotton

All set for vacation fun in a  
slack suit of cool surf green  
cotton shantung. Vat-dyed and  
sanforized for dependable wash-  
ing. Sizes 12-18. 8-185—\$4.00

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## Party Line

(Continued from page 19)

before it has a chance to get a great deal worse.

There are a couple of odd spots that you might check up on before it is too late: A, the neck; and B, the elbows. In a short-sleeved, low-necked dress they can't escape the eye, and seven days of extra scrubbing probably won't do them a bit of harm.

If you're having a little "spot" trouble, I'm sure you're doing a good soap-and-water job on your face. If a spot is so unobliging as to pop up just when you want to look your best, there are tinted preparations that you can depend on to do a camouflaging job.

But let's get on to the party. It's the big night, and you've passed your preliminaries and are ready to dress. Allow about an hour, for safe measure. Lay out the clothes you're going to wear and give them a final checkup. Assemble your hairbrush, comb, and lipstick; handkerchief, compact, and evening bag.

Now for the bath. Pin your hair off your neck so it won't get bedraggled. Roll or pin-curl any ends that look floppy. Make it a good bath—nice and long and leisurely. Use some of those bath salts you got for your birthday, if you have any left. Dry yourself thoroughly. Powder well and use your deodorant.

After you've put on your underthings, sit down quietly at your dressing table and do what you have to do to your face. If you wear face powder, be careful not to use it on your eyelids, or to leave any particles in your eyebrows or eyelashes or around the edges of your hair. Brush your eyebrows in a straight line, and if they are obstreperous, use a tiny bit of oil on them. A little on your upper lids, too, if you want to look very bright-eyed.

If you wear lipstick, take time to put it on so that the outer edges are neat and clean-cut. Blot your lips with a small piece of tissue so that the color is even. Be sure you lipstick the whole mouth, so that no dividing line shows when you smile.

Next treat your hair to a good brush-out and with your comb and fingers whip it into shape. When it's pretty well to your liking put on your dress. Give your hairdo a once-over to be sure it's still intact. Check off your list of contents for your evening bag: small comb, lipstick, handkerchief, compact. Is everything there?

Now take a last long look in the biggest mirror in the house. How do you look to yourself? Pretty satisfactory? What—you've forgotten something? I know. It's that final touch, that little bit of perfume or toilet water behind your ear or in the crook of your elbow. Well, remember, just one dab—or maybe two. That's subtle.

THE END

### Answers to Puzzles on page 47

TRAMPS	ORMOLU
RE-TIRE	REAPER
ATOMIC	MAKING
MIMOSA	OPIATE
PRISON	LENTEN
SECANT	URGENT

CUBE  
USER  
BEAR  
ERRS

# Jokes

## PLAIN CLOTHES

"What kind of dog is that, my boy?" asked the elderly gentleman.  
 "Police dog," answered the boy.  
 "He doesn't have the appearance of a police dog," protested the gentleman.  
 "Nope," replied the boy proudly, "he's in the Secret Service."

Sent by ANNA M. BARBOUR, White Post, Virginia.

## QUITE DIFFERENT

A small boy had fallen into a creek, and a kindly lady helped him to the bank.  
 "Dear me, how did you come to fall in?" she asked the boy.  
 "I didn't come to fall in," he said. "I came to fish."

Sent by GAWANDA BECHT, Remington, Indiana.

## WAY OUT

Jack, writing to a dealer: "Sir, please send me two mongeese."  
 He didn't like the sound of that, so he wrote another letter: "Sir, please send me two mongooses."

Still not satisfied, he finally sent this message: "Sir, please send me a mongoose. And by the way, send me another."

Sent by MARTHA MASON, Eatonton, Georgia.

## NEVER SATISFIED

CUSTOMER: I simply couldn't wear this coat, it's too tight.

CLERK: That's your own coat you have on.

Sent by DOLORES ANN HART, Union Grove, Wis.

## LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"It's very strange they should all decide to visit me the day my brother comes home!"

## TIED UP

JENNY: Why do they use knots instead of miles on the ocean?

HELEN: Because they have to keep the ocean tide.

Sent by CAROLYN NEMEKEK, Evansville, Indiana

## OCCUPIED

TOMMY: Say, Bill, how did you get that swelling on your nose?

BILL: Oh, I bent down to smell a brose in my garden.

TOMMY: Not brose, Bill—rose. There's no "b" in rose.

BILL: There was in this rose.

Sent by BETTY JOHNSON, Jamestown, N. D.

## OR CAN HE?

A canner exceedingly canny,  
 One morning remarked to his granny,  
 "A canner can can anything that he can,  
 But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

Sent by IRMA JEAN KNOWLES, Adel, Georgia.

## LAST RESORT

POP: Where's Aunt Bessie? The parade is coming and she'll miss it.

MOM: She's upstairs waving her hair.

POP: Can't we afford a flag?

Sent by PHYLLIS SHEPARD, Hutchinson, Kansas.

NEW PRIZES: The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke published on this page. So be sure to send us your funniest jokes, giving your name, your age, and your complete address.

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**RIGHT LIGHT**  
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 6. THE VOYAGE OF THE EAGLE  
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## Let's Talk Tennis

(Continued from page 21)

in tennis. Each has its own rhythm, which will soon become automatic for you. Later, of course, you'll learn to lob, smash, volley, chop, and slice, but there'll be plenty of time for that after you've mastered the forehand and backhand drives, and the serve.

When you can do these three basic strokes to your satisfaction against the backstop, invite someone to go out on a tennis court with you. Use all three strokes, taking turns, but don't attempt to return the balls hit by your partner. Not yet! At this point be content just to practice. Start with the serve. You serve a few balls to your partner; she collects them and serves them back to you. After a while, practice the forehand drive

and then the backhand drive in the same way. When this has gone on for whole mornings and afternoons, start to return some of the balls, but watch your technique every minute. Premature effort to return a ball cleverly is the worst enemy of good tennis form. It's even a good idea not to try to keep score during the first month of practice, for in the excitement of winning a point or a game you can all too quickly forget about the correct method of stroking. So practice, practice, practice. It may seem dull, but it will pay off handsomely in the long run.

When your apprenticeship is over, you will want to play a real game. Whoever serves first continues to do so through one game. In the next game she "receives" the ball. For the first point, serve from the right-hand side of the mid-point of the base line, sending the ball into your opponent's right-hand service court. After a point is made,

shift to the left side of the middle spot and serve diagonally across the net into your opponent's left-hand service court. Continue to alternate from right to left with each point. Never step over the base line while delivering the service. This is called a "foot fault." You have two chances to place a serve in your opponent's service court, unless the ball skims the top of the net and lands inside her service court. In that case the "let" ball gives you one more service chance.

Now for scoring. The first point lost is called "love," meaning you have nothing. A point is lost when the ball hits outside the court lines, when it bounces on your side of the court before clearing the net, when it drops into the net, or when you fail to return it at all. And the ball must be hit as it bounces off the ground for the first time, or while in the air before it bounces. This last is called a "volley."

The first point gained is five, sometimes called fifteen. The second point gained is thirty, the next forty, then game. Four steps in all—five, or fifteen; thirty; forty; game. All right. But suppose the score is thirty for your opponent and forty for you, and you miss the next point? The score then stands at forty-fifty, or "deuce." The first point beyond deuce is "advantage," or "ad." If it is your advantage, and you win the next point, it gives you the game, but if you lose this next point the score returns to deuce again. In short, you must gain two successive points to win a deuce game.

Six games for a player give her the set, providing she is at least two games ahead. If the games stand at six-five, the set continues until one of the players leads by two games. Another item to remember when scoring both points and games is this: in tennis it is good form for the server to call out the score after each point is played; and when scoring both points and games, the server's score is always announced first, the receiver's second.

It's a good idea to go to the library and read everything you can find on tennis playing. I like two books by Helen Jacobs, "Modern Tennis" and "Tennis." Also, "Perry on Tennis," by Fred Perry, will give you some good ideas on how to improve your game. But many other famous players and teachers have written up their methods, too, and if you really study their suggestions and strategies your game will improve beyond your wildest dreams. Watching good tennis matches is another way to improve your own game. Notice the free, natural stroking and lively footwork of experienced players, and imitate them the next time you play.

Do you know how to dress for tennis? Well-fitting, comfortable sneakers are a must. In fact, you probably won't be allowed on a soft court in anything else, since hard soles and heels mar the surface of such courts. Shorts, slacks, or roomy skirts that fit loosely around the waist are sensible, and your blouse should be easy through the shoulders, sleeves, and neck. Nothing should bind the player, for tennis uses muscles lavishly.

Don't begrudge those long hours of practicing the three basic strokes against the garage door. Even after you have become an excellent player it's a splendid idea to go out alone and work over the fundamentals. It's a fine way to erase your weaknesses, to smooth up your style, timing, and placement. And remember that today's finest players were once beginners like you—so keep trying. Who knows but what you'll join the ranks of the champions some day?

THE END

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